

THE

11784. 240.

DESERTED DAUGHTER:

A

C O M E D Y.

AS IT IS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

---

D U B L I N:

Printed by N. Kelly,

For P. WOGAN, P. BYRNE, J. MOORE, W. JONES,  
J. RICE, T. M'DONNELL, J. JONES,  
G. FOLINGSBY, and N. KELLY.

1795.

THE

DESERTED DAUGHTER:

C O M E D Y

AS IT IS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

D U B L I N :

Printed by A. Kelly,

For P. Wogan, P. Byrne, J. Moore, W. Jones,  
J. Rice, T. McDonnell, J. Jones,  
C. Robinson, and N. Kelly.

1795.



## P R O L O G U E.

**F**RUITFUL in good and ill, the teaming earth  
To wheat and tares affords promiscuous birth :  
At once, from nature's womb, rise woe and weal ;  
The springs that poison, and the streams that heal.  
Nay more, her offspring each and all contain,  
Within themselves, both antidote and bane.  
Each is a jarring world, where death yields life ;  
And concord rises out of endless strife.  
Each seems distinct, yet all together bound :  
And separate and collectively is found  
A hoard of infinite ; a countless mass  
Of miracles within a blade of grass.

First of the tribe, and master of the whole,  
Man stands erect ; the sovereign and the soul,  
In him all union and disunion shine :  
He's now above half brute ; now more than half divine.  
Wayward in humour ; infinite in wit ;  
The slave of all, to none will he submit ;  
In act an idiot ; in conceit a sage ;  
Mov'd by a breath, he'll brave the tempest's rage ;  
Now soar, a demi-god ; now sink, a straw ;  
Now weep, a child ; now give the planets law.

Railing at wretchedness, in folly wise,  
Alive to all the bliss that he denies,  
Worthy your laughter or perhaps your tears,  
Brain-sick of errors past, to night appears  
A moody mortal ; sketch'd on this mad plan ;  
A surly misanthrope, and yet a man.

Within his orbit other beings move ;  
Some urg'd by av'rice, others spurr'd by love,  
To aid or injure him, as passion drives ;  
The worst of servants ; and the best of wives :  
With many more, all waiting here within ;  
My task being ended, ready to begin.  
Hear, and decide, like men who think and feel :  
For, from this night's decree, there's no appeal.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

|               |   |                |
|---------------|---|----------------|
| Mr. Mordent,  | — | Mr. POPE.      |
| Cheveril,     | — | Mr. LEWIS.     |
| Lennox,       | — | Mr. HARLEY.    |
| Item,         | — | Mr. QUICK.     |
| Grime,        | — | Mr. BERNARD.   |
| Clement,      | — | Mr. MIDDLETON. |
| Donald,       | — | Mr. MUNDEN.    |
| Joanna,       | — | Miss WALLIS.   |
| Mrs. Sarfnet, | — | Mrs. MATTOCKS. |
| Mrs. Enfield, | — | Mrs. CORNELYS. |
| Lady Ann,     | — | Mrs. POPE.     |



---

THE  
DESERTED DAUGHTER:  
A  
C O M E D Y.

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

*The House of Mr. MORDENT.*

MORDENT and DONALD in anger.

DONALD.

**G**IN the black de'el glowr at me, I'ze tell ye my mind! Discharge me an ye wull: I a been-nae mair but therty years i' the faimily. I care nae for yeer canker'd girns! An ye wad nae hear fashus tales, ye munna be guilty o' fow deeds!

*Mor. (Looking anxiously round)* Will you speak in a lower key?—Earth is wholly inhabited by Harpies, and I am eternally haunted by the most malignant of them!

*Don.* An I get nae tidings of her to-day, I'ze advertize for her i' the public papers! Ay, and I'ze gar yeer name be imprented at full langth!

*Mor. (Terrified.)* Print my name?

*Don.* The de'el hike me on his horns gin I dunna.

*Mor.* Dæmon! I'll blow your brains out!

*Don.* Fiz, wi' your flash i' the pan! I dunna fear ye! Yeer rash and mad enoch! Sham betide ye! A father abandon his child?

6 THE DESERTED DAUGHTER :

*Mor.* Leprosy seize your licentious tongue, will you speak lower ? Did I abandon her ?

*Don.* Ye wad nae acknowledge her ; wad nae see her ; never frae the time that she war a wee tot at the knee ! Gin ye had a hairt ye wad nae aixpose her tul.—  
(*Holding up his hands in terror.*)

*Mor.* What ?

*Don.* Tramp the streets ! Aixpald the warld of onest by her ain father ! And why, trow ? She is a naitural child ! To beget cheldren, and then turn them adrift to bag, steal or staurve, is a damned unnaitural deed !

*Mor.* Prophet of evil ! Would you tell all the family ? Expose me to my wife ?

*Don.* I'ze aixpose ye tul the whole warld, gin I dunna find her ! And what the muckle better shall I be gin I do ? A thrawart poverty maun be her lot ! Ye ha' diced, and drabbed, and squandered, and mortgaged, till ye wull na' hae a bawbee tul yeersal !

*Mor.* Cease your croaking, raven ! Do you govern this house, or I ?

*Don.* Govern, trow ? Belzebub himsal is the governor ! There is yeer pett steward ! An auld whilly wha ! Tak warning ! I ha' toud ye aforetime and I tell ye again, he's a rascal.

*Mor.* Viper, 'tis false ! If the earth hold an honest man, Mr. Item is he.

*Don.* Onest ? A juggling loon o'hell ! He feigns to borrow the filler for ye wetch he lends himsal ; and the walthy possaffions ye lang syne held wull eftsoon be aw his ain.

*Mor.* I say 'tis false ! His truth, integrity and zeal are unexampled !

*Don.* Marcy o' God, ye'er bewetched !

*Mor.* What a den of misery is this world ! Swarming with one set of fiends that raise the whirlwind of the passions, and with another that beset and tantalize the bewildered wretch for having been overtaken by the storm !

*Don.* Poor Joanna ! Winsom lassie—I'ze keep my ward !

*Mor.*



*Mor.* Can nothing stop your pestiferous tongue? Have I not fifty times descended to explanation, and shewn you that I must not, cannot, own her?

*Don.* Dare not! Ye hanna the hairt to be onest! Ye bogle at shadows!

*Mor.* Pertinacious devil! The public clamour and disgrace, the affected sufferings and insulting forbearance of Lady Anne, the resentment of her imperious family, are these shadows?

SCENE II. *Enter Mrs. SARSNET.*

*Mrs. Sar.* What is it you are pleased to be talking, pray, about my lady, Mr. Scotch Donald?

*Don.* Troth, Mrs. English Sarsnet, nae ward o' ill.

*Mrs. Sar.* Ill truly! No, fir, my lady may defy her worst enemies! Though there are folks, who ought to adore the very ground she treads upon, that use her like a Turk!

*Mor.* How now?

*Mrs. Sar.* I name no names.

*Mor.* Who sent for you here, Mistress?

*Mrs. Sar.* My lady sent me here, fir.

*Mor.* And did she bid you behave with impertinence?

*Mrs. Sar.* She, indeed! A dear suffering faint! She bid me always behave with affability and decorum: and so I would, if I could. But it would provoke an angel!

*Mor.* And what is it your wisdom thinks so provoking!

*Mrs. Sar.* To see a sweet lady sit for hours, and pine and grieve; and then, when some folks are in sight, pretend to smile and be all *assignation* and contentment, when all the while her poor heart is ready to break!

*Mor.* Then she complains to you?

*Mrs. Sar.* I said no such thing, fir! No: she complains to no christian soul; more's the shame! I wish some folks had a little of my spirit! other folks, mayhap, *mut* find the difference!

*Don.* Troth, an yec wad nae be sneaking o' that, Mrs. Sarsnet.

*Mrs. Sar.*

*Mrs. Sar.* A poor weak woman, who can only take her own part by crying, and fainting !

*Don.* Ye forget, Mrs. Sarsnet, there are some poor weak women that ha' tongues and nails.

*Mrs. Sar.* Have they, Mr. Snap-short ? Why then, if I had you for a husband, mayhap I would let you see that I could use them.

*Don.* The muckle de'el may doubt yee !

*Mrs. Sar.* It's a shame, Mr. Donald, for you to be getting into corners, and whispering and peering and plotting to my lady's dishonour !

*Don.* (*Angry.*) I plotting ? How dare yee, Mrs. Sarsnet.

*Mor.* Silence, with you both !

*Mrs. Sar.* You ought to be ashamed of making yourself a spy, and a skip-jack go-between !

*Don.* I a skip-jack ? Varra weel ! Yee hear, sir, what are my thanks ! 'Tis unco weel ! I hae but my defairts ! True enoch, I am a go-between !

*Mrs. Sar.* Yes, yes ; we know that very well, Mr. Donald.

*Don.* But nae sic go-between as yee, Mrs. Malapert, may think me ! I hae been a trust worthy caterer tul the family : (*To Mordent.*) a slave tul yeer revels, and yeer roots, and yeer banquetings. 'Tis lang syne ye made me yeer purveyor ; but nae man ever yet made me his pander !

*Mor.* Begone ! See if Mr. Item is returned.

*Mrs. Sar.* Ah ! There's another !

*Don.* Skip-jack ? Go-between ? Mag's malison o' yeer spitefoo' tongue-gab ! [*Exit.*

### SCENE III. MORDENT and Mrs. SARNET.

*Mor.* Did your lady, I say, instruct you to behave with this insolence ?

*Mrs. Sar.* You know very well, sir, my lady is the best of wives ! she sent me on a civil message, and bid me speak with *propriety* : and so, if speaking one's mind and telling the truth be a fault, its all my own.

*Mor.* I'll put an end to this.

*Mrs. Sar.*

*Mrs. Sar.* Oh, to be sure; you may tell my lady and get me turned away, if you please! because, I know very well, if you bid her, she will do it!

*Mor.* Prometheus and his vulture is no fable!

*Mrs. Sar.* But, as it is all for love of my lady, I am sure the Earl of Oldcrest, her father, will give me a *situation*. He knows, mayhap, more than you may think. So does the Viscount her brother, too; her aunt lady Mary, and her uncle the Bishop: and every body is not obliged to be so blind and so tame as my lady!

*Mor.* What is it they know?

*Mrs. Sar.* That's more than I can say; but they have all been here, and my lady desires to speak with you.

*Mor.* (*Aside.*) Indeed!—I have no leisure.

*Mrs. Sar.* Ha! I told my lady so!

*Mor.* Begone! inform your lady, I have tormentors enough; and have no inclination to increase the number. [*Exit.*]

*Mrs. Sar.* I *prognostified* the answer!—A good for nothing chap!—I know very well what is becoming of a husband! He should love his wife, dearly, by day and by night! he should wait upon her; and give her her own way; and keep her from the cold, and the wet; and provide her with every thing comfortable; and if she happen to be in an ill humour, should coax her, and bear a little snubbing patiently! Humph! The fellows! What are they good for? [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE IV. *Changes to the Steward's Room.*

*ITEM and GRIME meeting.*

*Item.* (*Eagerly.*) My dear Grime, I am glad you are come! Well, is the deed prepared?

*Grime.* Ready for sealing. Mr. Mordent never examines what he signs! he trusts all to you!

*Item.* We cannot be too safe. But, this other affair? this Joanna? What have you done? Have you decoyed her to Mrs. Enfield's?

*Grime.*



*Grime.* Really, Mr. Item, she is so fine a creature that, when I consigned her over, I am not a true Christian if I did not feel such a twinge here! —

*Item.* Curse your twinges? Is she safe? Did she suspect nothing?

*Grime.* No, no! The poor innocent blessed herself, to think what a kind protectress Providence had sent her?

*Item.* (*Joy.*) That is well! That is well!

*Grime.* But I do not yet understand why you should seek the ruin of this lovely creature?

*Item.* I? You mistake: 'tis Mr. Mordent!

*Grime.* What, with destruction to his child?

*Item.* No, no. We neither of us seek her harm; but our own safety.

*Grime.* Which way?

*Item.* He has various tormentors; his wife, or rather her proud relations, are among the chief; and he dreads they should come to the knowledge of this secret. But his strongest terror is of being detected, in having for years disowned a child who, if now produced, would be his everlasting disgrace.

*Grime.* Then he does not know that his daughter is now in the house of Mrs. Enfield?

*Item.* Not a word. His plan, for the present, is to settle her in some profession: for this he will bestow a thousand pounds, which, ha, ha, ha! I am to expend.

*Grime.* (*significantly.*) Or keep?

*Item.* (*Aside.*) Plague! I have said too much.

*Grime.* (*Aside.*) Oh, oh! A thousand pounds?

*Item.* That—that, my dear Grime, would be a paltry motive.

*Grime.* (*Aside.*) I'll have my share!

*Item.* Mr. Mordent has been all his life squandering, like a blockhead, what I have been prudently picking up.

*Grime.* And pretty pickings you have had, Mr. Item!

*Item.* (*Exulting.*) I have him in the toils! Interest accumulating upon interest, and all in arrear. I can foreclose upon him when I please, for all except the Berkshire estate; and by this second mortgage, agreeably to the deed you have brought, equity of redemption



tion will be forfeited, and that as well as the rest will then be mine!

*Grime.* If he had but signed and sealed—

*Item.* Which he shall do this very day.

*Grime.* Still, why are you the enemy of Joanna? What have you to fear from her?

*Item.* Much! Very much! An action of recovery!

*Grime.* How so? She has no title! She is illegitimate!

*Item.* Would she were! No, no; a lawful daughter, born in wedlock; her mother poor but virtuous, and died in childbed. Fearful it should injure his second marriage with lady Anne, he never produced the infant, but told his man, Donald, it was a natural daughter, and by his intermission secretly maintained and had her educated.

*Grime.* Why not employ the same agent still?

*Item.* Because this Donald has got the fool's disease, pity, and threatens to make Mordent own his daughter, or impeach.

*Grime.* And it was prudent to place her beyond Donald's knowledge?

*Item.* It was.

*Grime.* Ha! 'Tis a strange world! Well, now, Mr. Item, give me leave to say a word or two on my own affairs.

*Item.* To be sure my dear friend! Speak and spare not.

*Grime.* There is the thousand pounds, you mentioned.

*Item.* (*Aside.*) Hem!

*Grime.* Then the premium on this mortgage—In short, Mr. Item, I do all your business, stand in your shoes—

*Item.* You are my right hand, the apple of my eyes!

*Grime.* Ay, but—

*Item.* The dearest friend I have on earth!

*Grime.* The division of profits—

*Item.* Don't mention it. Am not I your friend? I shall not live for ever.

*Grime.* No, nor I neither. Friendship—

*Item.* Don't think of it. You can't distrust me! The first and best friend you ever had!

*Grime.*

## THE DESERTED DAUGHTER :

*Grime.* Fine words—

*Item.* (*Evading.*) Yonder is my nephew. (*Calls.*)  
Clement.

SCENE V. *Enter* CLEMENT.

*Clem.* Sir.

*Item.* Fetch the title deeds of the Berkshire estate from my good friend Mr. Grime's.

*Grime.* Well, but—

*Item.* Any time, to-day.

*Clem.* Very well, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Grime.* Once again, Mr. Item—

*Item.* And, Clement!

*Grime.* I say the division—

*Item.* (*Listens.*) Hark! I hear Mr. Mordent!

*Grime.* (*Aside.*) It shall not pass off thus. I begin to know you!

*Item.* I would not have you seen just now—My dear Grime! My kind friend! Through this door! Some other opportunity! Pray oblige me!

*Grime.* Well, well—(*Aside.*) The next time we meet, you shall know more of my mind. [*Exit Grime.*

*Item.* (*Angry.*) The rascal begins to grow troublesome!—Take care of the steps, good Mr. Grime!

[*Follows.*

SCENE VI. *Enter* MORDENT.

*Mor.* What is life? A continual cloud; pregnant with mischief, malignity, disease and death. Happiness? An ignis fatuus. Pleasure? A nonentity. Existence? A misfortune, a burthen. None but fools condescend to live. Men exert their whole faculties to torture one another. Animals are the prey of animals. Flowers bloom to be plucked and perish. The very grass grows to be torn and eaten; trees to be mangled, fawed, rooted up, and burned. The whole is a system of exquisite misery, and I have my full proportion!—Oh! this girl! Why am I thus perturbed concerning her; She can but be wretched; and wretchedness is the certain fate of all! “But then, the world? Why what an insatuated ass am I; condemning

“temning the world and all it contains, yet living in  
“continual dread of its reproof!”

[*Re-enter ITEM.*]

Well, my good Mr. Item, this poor Joanna! What have you done? Can you secure her happiness? Pshaw! Fool! Can you lighten her misery? I can think of nothing but her; though distraction is in every thought?

*Item.* 'Tis a serious affair: very serious—you ought to do nothing lightly.

*Mor.* Turned adrift, rejected of all, no relation, no friend, never acknowledged, never?

*Item.* My advice you know, Sir, was at once boldly to produce her, as your daughter. No matter for the impertinent clamours and questions of who her mother was, and what became of her; why the child was never owned; where she had been concealed, and for what purposes?

*Mor.* Ay, ay, ay! The malignant sneers of friends, the cutting calumny of enemies, the reproaches of Lady Anne, the insults of her pompous proud family!

*Item.* For my part, I obey your commands, but I cannot approve them.

*Mor.* My late ward, Mr. Cheveril, should he hear of it what would he think?—Then this Berkshire mortgage!

*Item.* Ay, there again! Totally opposite to my advice.

*Mor.* Can you shew me any other possible way of paying my debts?

*Item.* The danger of signing it is extreme!

*Mor.* 'Tis ruin! But what matter? Is not the whole one mass of wretchedness?

*Item.* Young Cheveril, I own, has demands.

*Mor.* Which must be paid.

*Item.* Then the out-standing bills—tradesmen are provokingly insolent!

*Mor.* Ay, ay! They, like the rest, have their appointed office of torture!

*Item.* Well, remember I have given you fair warning!

*Mor.* Certainly! You do your part, and with the  
best



best intentions ; goad, and sting, and add your quantum to the sum of suffering ! The consistency of evil is amazing ! good and bad, all concur !—Is the deed ready ?

*Item.* I must first read it through.

*Mor.* Do so. I leave it all to you.

*Item.* But that will not take ten minutes.

*Mor.* I will be back presently. The gulph is before me, plunge I must, and to plunge blindfold will be to cheat the devil of some part of the pain ! *[Exit.*

*Item.* (*following.*) Nay, if you will not be warned, it is not my fault. *[Exit.*

#### SCENE VII. *The Dressing Room of Lady ANNE.*

Lady ANNE and Mrs. SARNET.

*Mrs. Sar.* I told your Ladyship he would refuse.

*Lady A.* What reason did he give ?

*Mrs. Sar.* Reason, forsooth ! Husbands never have any reason !

*Lady A.* (*To herself.*) Unkind man ! Why does he thus wish to avoid me ?

*Mrs. Sar.* He keeps his distance, both day and night ! But I would teach him to sleep in two beds ! A pretty fashion truly ! I would tell him I was afraid of ghosts ; and so I married because I could not nor I would not lie alone. So let him remember that.

*Lady A.* Why were you so long in bringing the message back ?

*Mrs. Sar.* Why that is what I have to tell your Ladyship. If there is not bad doings, say I am no witch.

*Lady A.* What do you mean ?

*Mrs. Sar.* Your Ladyship must not be angry ; but you know I can't help having a sharp eye and a quick ear of my own.

*Lady A.* What have you been doing now ?

*Mrs. Sar.* So I saw my Master go into the steward's room.

*Lady A.* (*Endeavouring to suppress her curiosity.*) Pshaw ! Folly ! What of that ?

*Mrs. Sar.*

*Mrs. Sar.* So I had all my seven senses and my eye-teeth about me.—

*Lady A.* Pray have done!

*Mrs. Sar.* So I clapped my ear to the keyhole; and then I heard a—whuz, buz—

*Lady A.* This was very improper!

*Mrs. Sar.* So I could only catch up a word here and there: and the first was *summut* about—of a child!

*Lady A.* A child?

*Mrs. Sar.* And a mother, my Lady! Though for the matter of that, where there is a child, one's own *natural penetrality* will tell one there must be a mother.

*Lady A.* Of what weakness am I guilty?

*Mrs. Sar.* And I thought I caught the sound of Mr. Item of a fathering the child! and I'm *posituve* he said it *wuz* against his conscience!

*Lady A.* Who said so?

*Mrs. Sar.* Mr. Item, my Lady! And so a little bit after, my master called somebody a poor *injurious* girl, and a *prodigality* of wit and beauty! So then I heard somebody's foot on the stairs, and I *wuz* fain to scamper.

*Lady A.* I know not why I listen to this indecent prattle! My over-anxious curiosity betrays me, and you are much too forward to profit by my weakness.

*Mrs. Sar.* Because you know, my Lady, I love you in my heart; and it is all for your own good.

*Lady A.* A child! An injured girl! Yet why do I feel agitation? His infidelities have been too open, for me to be ignorant of them. And who has been to blame; he or I? Oh! doubtful and difficult question!

*Mrs. Sar.* But I'll come at the truth, I'll warrant me, in all its *particlers*!

*Lady A.* Suffering perhaps under the consciousness of error, which the sight of me might increase, he flies from additional anguish. Oh! that I had the power to sooth and reconcile him to himself! Why will he not receive consolation from me?

*Mrs. Sar.* I'll rummage about.

*Lady A.* If I am unhappy, how must I be certain that it is not my own fault? Where there is unhappiness, neither party can be wholly blameless.

*Mrs. Sar.*

*Mrs. Sar.* He ought to love and adore such a Lady ! and clothe her in satin and gold !

*Lady A.* Shall I tyrannize over the affections that I cannot win ? If I want the power to please, let me correct my own defects, and not accuse my husband of insensibility ! Oh, nothing is so killing to a husband's love, as a discontented, irksome, wailing wife ! let me be any thing but that !

*Mrs. Sar.* He is a barbarian Turk ! and so I as good as told him.

*Lady A.* " What is the test of an affectionate wife ?  
" It is that, being wronged, her love remains undiminished ; having cause of complaint, she scorns to  
" complain, convinced that any misery is more welcome than the possibility of becoming the torment  
" of her bosom's Lord ! Oh, let me rather suffer every  
" possible evil than endure my husband's hate ! "

*Mrs. Sar.* If any fellow was to use me so, I know what I would do.

*Lady A.* Yet have I not lost his love ? Dreadful doubt ! My family advise a separation, and, if this fatal loss be real, how is it to be avoided ? Yet, I will not lightly yield ! Let me hope my efforts will not all be ineffectual. Would this agonizing contest were ended !

[Exit.

*Mrs. Sar.* She may say what she will, but I know very well she is the most *miserable-est* lady alive, and I could tear his eyes out ! Husband, indeed ? And so, because I listened to the fellow's love, and nonsense-stuff, and took pity on him, when he was going to hang or drown himself, he must think, as soon as he has got me safe, to be my lord and master ! I'd tell him another story ! My lord and master, truly !

[Exit.

*End of the First Act.*

ACT



## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*The House of Mrs. ENFIELD.*

Mrs. ENFIELD and BETTY.

Mrs. ENFIELD.

**A**ND, mind me, treat her with great kindness and deference.

*Betty.* I'll be careful.*Mrs. En.* Keep her in continual good humour: don't let her ask for any thing twice; and above all things listen to her complaints, and pity them.*Betty.* My white handkerchief shall be at her service.*Mrs. En.* Is the messenger returned?*Betty.* Yes, madam; and there is no answer from Mr. Mordent, but Mr. Lennox sent word he will soon be here.*Mrs. En.* Send her to me.*Betty.* Yes, madam.[*Exit.**Mrs. En.* She is young, and ignorant of the town; but, I can see, she has a quick and courageous spirit.S C E N E II. *Enter JOANNA.**Mrs. En.* Well, my sweet Joanna; do you think you can love me, and trust me, and follow my advice?*Joanna.* Are you not my benevolent protectress, and will it not be my duty?*Mrs. En.* Why that's a precious! Ay, ay; do but as I desire you, darling, and then!*Joanna.* Oh, that I will! Come, set me to work.*Mrs. En.* Ah, I won't kill you with work. Pretty dear! Those delicate arms!—They were not made for work.*Joanna.* Fie! You must not tell me that. My mother is dead, and my father—! (*firmly.*) But I must bear my fate with fortitude. Labour is no punishment.*Mrs. En.* Labour? Oh the beauty! Chicken gloves, my lamb, for those white hands! A noble looking-glass,

glass, to see that sweet form ! A fine chariot, to shew off your charms ! These you ought to have, and a thousand other fine things. Ay, and if you will take my advice, have them you shall.

*Joanna.* Fine things ? Chariots ? No, no ; not for me. To work, to work.—But I'll willingly take your advice ; for, you are so kind, it cannot be ill !

*Mrs. En.* Ill ? Heaven protect me ! I advise a dear sweet handsome creature to ill ?

*Joanna.* Handsome ? Fie ! an orphan ; Fatherless !

*Mrs. En.* Ay, very true ! Ill ? No, no ; think me your parent.

*Joanna.* (*Snatch and kiss her hand.*) Dear lady !

*Mrs. En.* Ah, my tender lamb ! Think of joy ! Think of pleasure !

*Joanna.* Be not so kind. You should not soften, but steel my heart ! Teach it to have neither fear nor feeling of wrong ; to laugh when others weep. Oh ! I'll mock at sorrow !

*Mrs. En.* Do not think of it.

*Joanna.* Did you never see your father ?

*Mrs. En.* Anan, dear ?

*Joanna.* I never saw mine ! Do not even know his name ! I had a strange desire to see him once, but once, and I was denied ! I am a high spirited girl, but I would have kneeled to him ; would have kissed his feet ; and was refused.—No matter !

*Mrs. En.* Forget it.

*Joanna.* Well, well !—Courage !—You must let me work. I'll earn what I eat. I love you for your kindness, but I will not be dependent.

*Mrs. En.* Since you will ! You say you can draw ?

*Joanna.* It has been my delight. I have studied the human countenance, have read Lavater.

*Mrs. En.* Anan ! Will you copy the engraving I shewed you ?—

*Joanna.* What, the portrait of that strange—?

*Mrs. En.* Mr. Mordent. (*Handing down a frame.*)

*Joanna.* Mordent ?

*Mrs. En.* Of Portland Place.

*Joanna.* (*Examining.*) I don't quite like him !

*Mrs. En.* Why ?

*Joanna.*

*Joanna.* He's a wicked man.—

*Mrs. En.* Nay—

*Joanna.* A wild eye!—I hope he is not your relation.

*Mrs. En.* No; but has been a very good friend.

*Joanna.* Take care of him!

*Mrs. En.* Can you judge so certainly?

*Joanna.* Looking at such a face, who can fail?  
(*Examining Mrs. Enfield.*) You are a worthy lady;  
a kind lady; your actions bespeak it: and yet—Don't  
be angry—there is something about your features—  
that I don't like!

*Mrs. En.* Bless me, dear!

*Joanna.* I must be wrong, because you are good:  
but you have not a good countenance. That's strange!  
I never saw such a thing before!—And the more I look  
the less I like.

*Mrs. En.* (*Aside.*) Does she suspect me?

*Joanna.* If ever I draw your face, I'll alter some of  
the lines. I'll make them such as I think virtue ought  
to have made them; open, honest, undaunted. You  
have such a number of little artful wrinkles at the cor-  
ners of your eyes!—You are very cunning!

*Mrs. En.* (*In a tremor.*) What does she mean?

*Joanna.* But what of that? You are kind to me;  
and I fear no cunning, not I! You found me friend-  
less, have given me work, and I would die to serve  
you! So I'll copy that wild man's portrait.

*Mrs. En.* Wild?

*Joanna.* Nay, for that matter, you need not fear  
him: but if you know any vain, foolish young girls,  
that love flaunting, and will listen to fine promises, bid  
them beware of him!

*Mrs. En.* (*Aside.*) A little witch.

*Enter BETTY.*

*Betty.* Mr. Lennox is below, madam. [*Exit.*

*Mrs. En.* I am glad of that! Come, my sweet  
*Joanna,* I'll introduce you to him.

*Joanna.* Me, madam?

*Mrs. En.* Ay, Child! that I will. Every body shall  
know what an angel my dear young friend is.

*Joanna.*



20 THE DESERTED DAUGHTER :

*Joanna.* Consider, madam—

*Mrs. En.* Nay, I am sure you will not refuse me this pleasure? Come, come!

*Joanna.* You are too kind!

*Mrs. En.* Come, my precious.

*Joanna.* Well! I commit myself to your trust. Friendless and fatherless, you will be my guardian. You are too generous to injure the helpless, and the forlorn: and the lines in your face are false! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *An Anti-chamber in the House of*  
MORDENT.

MORDENT and CHEVERIL.

*Chev.* Grumble no more 'Guardy! Have done with prognosticating evil! 'Tis all in vain: your gloomy reign is ended: I am of age!

*Mor.* To play the fool!

*Chev.* I'm free! I'm alive! I'm beginning to exist!

*Mor.* Like a wretch at the stake, when the flames first reach him!

*Chev.* The whole world is before me! its pleasures are spread out, and I long to fall on! The golden apples of delight hang inviting me to pluck, eat, and—

*Mor.* Be poisoned!

*Chev.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Mor.* As your guardian, I—

*Chev.* Damn guardianship! I have been guarded too long. Years out of number have I been fed with lean Latin, crabbed Greek, and an abominable olio of the four faculties: served up with the jargon of Aristotle, the quirks of Thomas Aquinas, and the quibbles and quodlibets of Doctor Duns Scotus.

*Mor.* Take warning—!

*Chev.* Fined for Horace, horsed for Homer, and plucked because I could not parrot over their premises and predicates, majors and minors, antecedents and consequents. My brain was a broker's shop; the little good furniture it contained all hid by lumber!

*Mor.* Let me tell you, young Sir—

*Chev.*

*Chew.* Not now : Your day is done. I am my own man ! I breathe ! I am abroad ! I am on the wing to visit the regions of fruition and Paradise ; to banquet with the Gods, and sip ambrosia from the lips of Venus and Hebe, the Hours, the Loves, and the Graces !

*Mor.* You are a lunatic !

*Chew.* No ! I am just come to my senses ; for I am just come to my estate ! High health, high spirits, eight thousand a year, and one and twenty !

*Mor.* Youth ? Riches ? Poor idiot ! Health too ? What is man but a walking hospital ? You, boy, you, little as you suspect it, include within yourself a whole pharmacopoeia of malady and mischief !

*Chew.* Zounds ! He'll persuade me presently I am Pandora's box !

*Mor.* So you are !

*Chew.* Why, guardy ! You are mad !

*Mor.* True, or I should take the shortest way to get rid of misery, and instantly go hang myself !

*Chew.* What a picture !

*Mor.* Equal it in accuracy, if you can.

*Chew.* Why I am but a young artist ; however I can dash my brush at the canvas as daringly as you have done ! So what think you (*Rapturously*) of mirth, songs, and smiles ; youth, beauty, and kisses ; friendship, liberty, and love ; with a large capacious soul of benevolence, that can sooth the afflicted, succour the poor, heal the sick, instruct the ignorant, honour the wise, reform the bad, adore the good, and hug genius and virtue to the heart ?

*Mor.* Every feature a lie !

*Chew.* Curse me but I say the likeness is at least as good as yours : and I am sure the colouring is infinitely more delightful !

#### S C E N E IV. *Enter DONALD.*

*Don.* I'ze ganging about the business of the poor lassie, ken ye me ? Gin ye want me, I'ze be back in a blink.

*Mor.* Go to the devil, if you will ; so that you do not torment me.

*Chew.*

*Chew.* Ha, friend Donald ! Don't you know that I'm of age ? Won't you revel and roar, my boy ? Why do you look so glum, old honesty ?

*Don.* Troth ye mistake the maitter, young gentleman : I am an auld go-between.

*Chew.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Don.* It's varra true ; wetch makes me unco blate. A helpless bairn has been cast upo' the wide warld, by a hairtlefs father, and I am a pairt o' the cause.

*Mor.* Again, Imp ?

*Chew.* A child deserted by the father !

*Don.* Ye well may shew the gogle o' yeer eyn.

*Chew.* Is he poor ? Is he pennylefs ?

*Don.* Much thereabout, an I dunna mis my ken.

*Chew.* Bring the child to me ! Bring it to me, old rueful ! I'll be it's father ! I never fathered a child in my life, and I long to begin !

*Don.* Ye seem truly to hae mair human affaction than some fathers.

*Mor.* Begone ! Leave us, Blood-sucker ! Goblin ! Vampire !

*Don.* Yas—I'ze gang where I tow'd ye ; and, gin I dunna hear o'her, ye'ze hear o' me ! [Exit.

#### SCENE V. MORDENT and CHEVERIL.

*Chew.* Bring me the baby, Donald ! Zounds how it would delight me to father all the fatherless children in the world ? Poor little dears ! I should have a plentiful brood !—And so, guardian, I want money.

*Mor.* What ! To purchase destruction wholesale ?

*Chew.* I have five hundred good, wicked, spirited, famous projects on hand. You have seventeen thousand pounds of mine, hard cash. I want it.

*Mor.* Seventeen thousand plagues !

*Chew.* Every farthing.

*Mor.* Your money, sir, is locked up in mortgages.

*Chew.* Locked up ? Oh, damme, I'll unlock it. I'll send honest Grime to ye ; he carries a master key.

*Mor.* Have you no regard to my convenience.

*Chew.* I'll pay the premium ; and, if you want security, you may have mine. I must have money !

The



The world must hear of me ! I'll be a patron, and a subscriber, and a collector, and an amateur, and a connoisseur, and a diletanti ! I'll hunt, I'll race, I'll dice ; I'll grub, plant, plan, and improve ! I'll buy a stud, fell a forest, build a palace, and pull down a church. [Exit.

*Mor.* Mr. Cheveril !—He is flown—Why ay, with spirits equally wild, wanton, and ignorant of evil, I began my career. I have now lived long enough to discover that universal nature is universal agony ! O this rejected Joanna ! Miserable girl ! Well ? Am not I miserable too ? Who is not ?—The dangers to which she may be exposed ? The cruelty of utterly abandoning her ? Never shall I again be at peace with myself ?—

*Lady A. (Without.)* Where is your master ?

*Mor.* Hark ! My wife ! She tortures me with her silent sufferings and her stifled sighs. Passion, bitter reproach, and violent menace, would be infinitely more supportable. In short, I have not deserved her kindness, and cannot endure it. [Exit.

#### SCENE VI. Lady ANNE.

*Lady A.* Mr. Mordent ! Thus does he continually shun me ! Why then do I haunt him ? Why intrude myself upon him ?—Must this have no end ? Fond foolish heart, these aches and pains are fruitless ! Sleep in forgetfulness, cease to feel, and be at peace !

*Mrs. Sar. (Without.)* I tell you, I can't stay !

*Lady A.* The stories, too, with which this kind but officious creature torments me—

#### SCENE VII. Enter Mrs. SARNET hastily.

*Mrs. Sar.* I've got it, my lady ! I've got it !

*Lady A.* What is the matter now ?

*Mrs. Sar.* Why, I'll tell your ladyship. A queer quandary kind of person brought my master a letter ; which I knew was suspicious. So my master's coat was all powder ; over here. (*significantly.*) How he came by it, I don't know !

*Lady A.*

*Lady A.* Phaw! Pray don't teaze me.

*Mrs. Sar.* So, my lady, he took it off, and ordered one of the fellows to give it a brush. So, making a pretence, I was close at his heels.

*Lady A.* At whose heels?

*Mrs. Sar.* The footman's, my lady. So while he was brushing, he had a *wranglition* with the cook; and turned about to gabble footman's gibberish with she; so I, having a hawk's eye, twirled my hand behind me; so; and felt in the pocket; and there I found this written letter, which I sily slipped under my apron; so—

*Lady A.* Take a letter out of your master's pocket?

*Mrs. Sar.* Yes, my lady; because, being broke open, I read the contents, and found that it was from one Mrs. Enfield, to appoint an *affassination* between my master and a young girl.

*Lady A.* Give it me!

*Mrs. Sar.* Yes, my lady; I was sure you could not but wish to see it.

*Lady A.* Mistress Sarsnet, I have frequently cautioned you against practices like these; which are mean, dishonest, and pilfering.

*Mrs. Sar.* My lady!

*Lady A.* To have robbed your master of his money would have been less culpable, than to steal from him the knowledge of transactions which, because of their impropriety, he has not the courage to avow.

*Mrs. Sar.* (*Whimpering, and with tokens of great affection.*) It's very hard, because I can't bear your lady—ladyship's ill usage, and, and, and always feel as if my very stays were a bursting, to see your, your treatment, time after time—that I should get myself ill, ill, ill-will, because I love you from the very bottom of my heart!

*Lady A.* I have winked at these liberties too often: I'll suffer them no longer.

*Mrs. Sar.* Very—very well—Since your ladyship is so angry, you may turn, turn, me away, if you please, and quite break, break, break my heart!

*Lady A.*

*Lady A.* No: the fault is more than half my own: But, from this time, I seriously warn you against such improper, such base actions.

*Mrs. Sar.* Very—very well, my lady! I'll be deaf, and dumb, and blind! and, when I see you treated worser than a savage, I'll burst twenty laces a day, before I'll speak a word!

*Lady A.* (*With great kindness.*) What you have done has been affectionately meant. I am sorry to have given you pain, and to have excited your tears. But I must earnestly desire you will commit no more such mistakes. They are wrong, in themselves; and every way fatal to my peace.

*Mrs. Sar.* (*Catching and kissing her hand.*) You are the tenderest and best of ladies! and I know who is an unfeeling brute!

[*Both retiring.*]

SCENE VIII. *Enter LENNOX and CHEVERIL.*

*Len.* Pray, mistress Sarfnet, is Mr. Mordent within?

*Mrs. Sar.* Indeed, sir, I don't know! (*Muttering*) Mr. Mordent is a good for nothing chap! [*Exit.*]

*Len.* I'll bet you a thousand, Cheveril, your charmer does not equal the girl I have this moment left.

*Chew.* Done, for ten thousand!

*Len.* You would lose.

*Chew.* You never beheld so peerless a beauty!

*Len.* How did you become acquainted with her?

*Chew.* We are not yet acquainted; (*Sighs*) and I begin to fear we never shall be.

*Len.* Oh, oh!

*Chew.* I met her three times in the Green Park. The first moment I gazed at her with admiration—as soon as she was gone by!

*Len.* Gone by?

*Chew.* Good manners, you know, would not let me stare her in the face. Such a shape! Such elegance! The next time I determined to speak to her, and approached as resolutely as Hercules to the Hydra.

*Len.* A good simile for a beauty!

B

*Chew.*



*Chev.* I had studied a speech ; but, somehow, there was such a sweet severity in her looks—I—I had not the power to utter a word !

*Len.* Courageous lover !

*Chev.* The third time however, it being a little darker, for it was always in the evening, I was more undaunted : so, fully determined to throw myself at her feet and declare my passion, up I marched ! But, as the devil would have it, she turned and looked me full in the face ; and her beauty, and—and virtue—and—and modesty, were so awful—that my heart sunk within me !

*Len.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Chev.* It is now a fortnight since ; and, though I have walked the Green Park, morning, noon and night every day, I could never once again set eyes on her ! Intolerable booby that I was, to lose three such precious opportunities !

*Len.* Of making love to a lady's maid ?

*Chev.* Oh for one momentary glance, that I might give vent to the passion that devours me !

*Len.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Chev.* What ! You think I dare not ?

*Len.* Ha, ha, ha ! Look you, Cheveril, I know you : a lighted match and the mouth of a cannon could not cow you like the approach of a petticoat.

*Chev.* I !—Afraid of women ? Damme, I don't understand having my character attacked and traduced ! Make a Master Jackey of me ? I am a wicked one !

*Len.* Ha, ha, ha ! Wicked ? You are as conscientious as a drunken methodist, or as a dying miser ! You are not only afraid of the woman but of the sin !

*Chev.* Why, if—No, damme, 'tis not true ! I have no more conscience than yourself.

*Len.* Me ? I have a deal of conscience. Pleasure, I own, can tempt me ; but I make no pretensions, like you, to sin for the sake of reputation.

*Chev.* Sir, I make no such pretensions ! I am, indeed, resolved to be a fellow of enterprize, pith, and soul ; but not by vile rascally methods. I'll love all the women, and perhaps trick some of the men ; but  
not

not seduce wives, ruin daughters, and murder husbands and fathers. No! If I cannot be wicked without being criminal, damme if I do not live and die an honest dull dog. [Exit.]

SCENE IX. *Enter MORDENT, searching his pockets.*

*Mor.* Curse the letter—It's gone—Careless booby.

*Len.* What's the matter?

*Mor.* A thousand to one but it has fallen into the hands of lady Anne!

*Len.* What have you lost?

*Mor.* (Still searching.) A damned epistle, from—

*Len.* Hem!

SCENE X. *Enter Lady ANNE.*

*Lady A.* Mr. Mordent, I am glad to meet with you!

*Mor.* Glad? Is the thing so difficult?

*Lady A.* I did not say so: I meant nothing unkind.

*Mor.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Lady A.* Indeed I did not—I wish to speak to you.

*Mor.* (To Lennox retiring.) Stay where you are, Lennox. What, man, you are in no fear of soothing insult! You are not married.

*Len.* I'll return in five minutes.

[Exit.]

[Mordent following.]

*Lady A.* Pray, Mr. Mordent—

*Mor.* Pshaw! I know I am a bear at the stake: don't shorten my tether.

*Lady A.* I have a paper—(Shewing the letter.)

*Mor.* (Returning.) Ay, ay! I knew it. Come, begin! I am prepared.

*Lady A.* It fell into my hands by the reprehensible but unauthorized curiosity of my woman.

*Mor.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Lady A.* Indeed, I have never opened it.

*Mor.* Nor she either!

*Lady A.* Yes; but that is not my fault.

*Mor.* Yours indeed? Impossible!

28 THE DESERTED DAUGHTER :

*Lady A.* The heart, which I cannot secure by affection, I will not alienate by suspecting.

[Returns the letter.]

*Mor.* Pshaw! Meekness is but mockery, forbearance insult.

*Lady A.* How shall I behave? Which way frame my words and looks, so as not to offend? Would I could discover?

*Mor.* You never complain? You have no jealousy?

*Lady A.* Indeed, I have been very obstinately blind.

*Mor.* Ay, ay! Patience on a monument!

*Lady A.* Reproach, at least, has never escaped my lips.

*Mor.* Ha, ha, ha! As if lips were the only instruments of upbraiding! No deep fetched sighs? No pale melancholy glances? No obvious hiding of the ever ready tear?

*Lady A.* I fear I have been to blame! Indeed, I am sorry that my sensations have been so acute.

*Mor.* You accuse? You give a husband pain? Insolent supposition!

*Lady A.* I sincerely wish, my dear, you gave no more than I intend to give!

*Mor.* There! Did not I say so? Ha, ha, ha! You accuse?

*Lady A.* I am wrong! I forgot myself! Pray forgive me! Why am I subject to these mistakes?

*Mor.* You are all angel!

*Lady A.* Would I were!

*Mor.* And I all demon!

*Lady A.* Do not, Mr. Mordent, by the dear affection you once bore—

*Mor.* There! There! The affection I once bore?

*Lady A.* Heavens! Must I ever be fated to wound, when it is most the wish of my soul to heal?

*Mor.* Why was the Earl of Oldcrest here, this morning? Why are these family consultations held?

*Lady A.* They are contrary to my wish.

*Mor.* A separation, I hear, is the subject of them?

*Lady A.* But not countenanced by me.

*Mor.* Pretending in pity to spare me yourself, they are to be set upon me!

*Lady A.*



*Lady A.* Never! Heaven be my judge, never!

*Mor.* I am to be subjected to their imperious dictates!

*Lady A.* I own they have lately been very urgent with me, to return to my father; but, were you only kind, their solicitations would be vain indeed. Oh! take pity on yourself and me, and teach me to regain your lost affections! or, if that be too great a blessing to hope, there is still one evil, which I would suffer any other torture to escape. Think, if you can, that I no longer love; treat me with unkindness; neglect, accuse, do any thing—but hate me! Let me not endure that last stage of misery! But—Oh heavens!—if our former endearments must end in that, have mercy, and retard or conceal it as long as you can! [*Exit.*]

*Mor.* Ha, ha, ha! What are barbs, and stings, and poisoned arrows? Pitiful instruments! Thou, triumphant wretchedness, usest these but on small occasions; they want pungency!

S C E N E XI. *Enter LENNOX.*

*Len.* May I come in?

*Mor.* Ay, ay!—Now am I ripe for mischief!

*Len.* You seem out of temper! What has happened?

*Mor.* Trifles, trifles! She has got the letter.

*Len.* From whom?

*Mor.* Mrs. Endfields!

*Len.* Zounds!

*Mor.* An invitation to a new sample of beauty. She has seen it; returned it; has graciously forgiven; has racked, has driven me mad!

*Len.* (*Suspiciously.*) And do you mean to go?

*Mor.* (*Wildly.*) Ay will I! Since devil I am, devil let me be! It will be some, though but a petty vengeance for prying.

*Len.* You must not.

*Mor.* (*Passionately.*) Indeed but I will.

*Len.* We have long been friends, and fellow-finners; but, in these affairs, we have always behaved honourably.

*Mor.* What then?

*Len.* I have seen the girl!

*Mor.* Where?

*Len.* At Enfield's.

*Mor.* Did she write to you, too?

*Len.* She did. An angel, Mordent!

*Mor.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Len.* An angel! I am seriously and deeply smitten.

*Mor.* Ha, ha, ha! Marry her, and make wretchedness secure!

*Len.* No; but I am fixed for life. Such animation! Such soul! The finest creature my eyes ever beheld!

*Mor.* I'll see her.

*Len.* No; I cannot consent.

*Mor.* Why so? I'll aid you to carry her off.

*Len.* Are you serious?

*Mor.* As malice can make me! The sex have been worse to me than plague, pestilence, and famine!

*Len.* And what have you been to them?

*Mor.* No matter: I'll have my revenge!

*Len.* And you will aid me in this business?

*Mor.* I will.

*Len.* Solemnly? on your word and honour?

*Mor.* I tell you, I will!

*Len.* Why then; see her you shall; but in my company, observe.

*Mor.* Ha, ha, ha! Right! anticipate your torments!

*Len.* On this condition, I shall thank you for your assistance and advice.

*Mor.* Why ay! Advice! I too, fool that I am, knowing the impotence of man to avert mischief, I wish for advice! I—(*Aside.*) There may be danger in telling him?

*Len.* Well?

*Mor.* A—A friend of mine has a child; suppose it a—  
—a natural child; that he knows not how properly to dispose of.

*Len.* (*Ironical gravity.*) A natural child, that he knows not how properly to dispose of?

*Mor.* Yes.

*Len.* Could not he sell it to the kidnappers?

*Mor.* Pshaw!

*Len.*

*Len.* There are honest overseers that will take it, fifty pounds down!

*Mor.* Not an infant: twenty years of age.

*Len.* Oh! Then indeed! There are crimp serjeants!

*Mor.* When I put a serious question, I expect a serious answer.

*Len.* (*Indignation.*) Serious! And ask what a man is to do with his child!

*Mor.* Suppose he should have legitimate offspring?

*Len.* (*Sneer.*) Oh, oh! Legitimate! Hah! Made of other metal? A different manufacture?

*Mor.* You won't hear! He provided for her.

*Len.* A female, too?

*Mor.* Would have continued to provide, but she rejected his assistance.

*Len.* How so?

*Mor.* Unless he would see her, embrace her; that is, whine over, acknowledge her, and bestow his blessing.

*Len.* And he refused?

*Mor.* Why not? Of what benefit are blessings? Where all is evil, why torment conscience concerning the mode?

*Len.* He is a monster!

*Mor.* But, sir, appearances—

*Len.* Damn appearances.

*Mor.* Friends—

*Len.* Damn his friends!

*Mor.* A wife—

*Len.* Damn his wife! He has friends, appearances, and a wife; but he has no heart!

SCENE XII. *Enter DONALD in great agitation.*

*Don.* She is gone! She is lost for aye! I'ze e'en red wude!

*Mor.* (*Aside to Donald.*) How now? Herald of malice and mischief!

*Don.* I canna foregather her! Fair fa' yeer hairt! I'ze ne'er set eyes o' her mair.

*Mor.* Peace, hound!



*Don.* I tell you I wunna ! Misca' me an ye wull, the de'el ma' care ! A father turn his back o' his bairn !

*Len.* Oh, ho ! What it was yourself, your own daughter, you were talking of ?

*Don.* Gin earth haud her, I'ze hae her yet ; ay and I'ze gar ye do her recht. (*Return.*) She laft a massige for ye !

*Mor.* (*Anxiously.*) What message ?

*Don.* Tell him, gin he wunna gi his child ane kefs, ane scrimpst blaffing, that child wull wark, stairve and die, ore she wull leve like a parish pauper on scraps and alms. Tell him she has a pridefoo' spirit, that wunna bag, gin she canna win ; and, gif he scorn his dochtor, she scorns akfapt his charity. (*Go.*)

*Len.* So you commit crime, and then invent a system for its justification ? Excellent philosopher !

*Don.* (*Returning.*) Why dunna ye spier a'ter her yeerfal ? Hech ! Waefucks ! Ye dunna ken yeer ain bairn !

*Len.* How ?

*Don.* Ye never saw the face o' her, fin she hung a wee giglet at the breast ! Weel, weel ! Nothing comes more surely tul licht than that which is long hidden ! An ill life, an ill end ! [*Exit.*]

*Mor.* Wolves, tigers, serpents were first created, and then man !

*Len.* You are truly a high fellow, Mordent : you spend your fortune, wrong your wife, and disown your child ! That is, you inflict misery and then tell us all are miserable.

*Mor.* I act and I am acted upon. The precept and the proof go together.

*Len.* You are incorrigible ! But come ; we must about this business. My heart is deeply interested.

*Mor.* My affairs are at a crisis ; and, if I augur rightly, it will soon be all over with me.

*Len.* Hope better. Come ; come with me to Enfield's.

*Mor.* I'll meet you there in half an hour.

*Len.* Do not fail. I am all impatience. [*Exit.*]

*Mor.*

*Mor.* Just so are curs fighting, and thieves in the act of plundering. Man is ever eager on mischief! With what infernal ardor do two armies prepare in the morning, to exterminate each other before noon! Are they not wise? What is it but compressing the sum of evil within an hour, which trembling cowardice would protract through an age? [Exit.

*End of the Second Act.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The House of Mordent.*

CHEVERIL and GRIME.

CHEVERIL.

YOU must let me have the cash directly.

*Grime.* That is impossible.

*Chev.* I say, you must. When I have wants and wishes, nothing shall be impossible.

*Grime.* (*Aside.*) What if I were to tell him of Joanna? He would pay well.

*Chev.* Twelve hours have I been free, and have not had a taste of pleasure yet! If I do not make haste, I shall grow old before I begin!

*Grime.* (*Aside.*) I should make him my friend; perhaps should get him to myself, and leave old "Item in the lurch." 'Tis a rare thought!

*Chev.* Why do you ruminate? Do you doubt me?

*Grime.* Mr. Cheveril!

*Chev.* Well, sir?

*Grime.* Do you love innocence, youth and beauty?

*Chev.* Do I? 'Sdeath, I am dying for them!

*Grime.* I know where they are to be found.

*Chev.* You?

*Grime.* The rarest creature!

*Chev.* Where? Where?

*Grime.* Such pure white and red !

*Chew.* Ay !

*Grime.* Such moist, ripe, ruddy lips !

*Chew.* 'Sdeath, don't drive me mad ! Tell me where ; where ?

*Grime.* At a certain convenient—

*Chew.* (*Disgust.*) Indeed ? No, no ; I have no taste for beauties of this kind.

*Grime.* See her, and then judge.

*Chew.* (*Aside.*) Beside, I'll not be unfaithful to my angelic incognita of the Green Park !

*Grime.* She is a young untutored thing.

*Chew.* Untutored ?

*Grime.* (*Significantly.*) That I can assure you.

*Chew.* Then depend upon it I'll not be her instructor. How came she in such a place ?

*Grime.* She knows nothing of the place, nor in the least suspects she is in bad company !

*Chew.* Poor dear soul, what rascal sent her there ?

*Grime.* Hem ! Why, that is, it it it was a kind of accident.

*Chew.* She is not for me. I want to be a famous wicked fellow, but not by ensnaring the helpless. No, damme, this is not the true way.

*Grime.* Nay, if you will neither ensnare nor accept the already ensnared, you must e'en marry, or starve.

*Chew.* That is damned hard !

*Grime.* Ensnared she will be.

*Chew.* Curse me but she shall not.

*Grime.* What will you do ?

*Chew.* Snatch her from danger ; provide for her, cherish her !

*Grime.* Ay, now you say something.

*Chew.* Zounds ! Here have I been an age in the possession of eight thousand a year, and have not done one famous good wicked thing yet ! It's a damned shame !

*Grime.* You will fall in love with her the moment you see her !

*Chew.* To be sure I shall !—No ; on recollection, I can't love two at a time. Then if she should tempt me to be wicked ? I mean vicious. I love wickedness, but



but I hate vice. 'Tis a dirty whirlpool, in which if once a man set his foot he is soon up to his chin.

*Grime.* 'Tis in Dover-street. I'll furnish you with an introduction.

*Chev.* You are abundantly civil. An introduction from a usurer to a—Hem! I shall come to preferment!

*Grime.* This is the address. (*Gives a card.*)

*Chev.* Dover-street.

*Grime.* Yes: Mrs. Enfield,

*Chev.* (*Reads.*) Number—(*Recollects.*) 'Sblood! Why do I stand prating here? I who have been kept fasting from happiness and pleasure so long? Another day will be over and I shall not get a taste of pleasure!

(*Going.*)

*Grime.* Nay, I am telling you of a banquet.

*Chev.* Are you? Why then, I have a keen appetite, and a most devouring wish to fall to: so here goes! [*Exit running.*]

## SCENE II. *Enter MORDENT.*

*Mor.* So, Mr. Grime.

*Grime.* Every thing is prepared, Sir: we wait your good leisure.

*Mor.* You will find Mr. Item in his own room.

*Grime.* I shall attend you there: we can do no business till you come. [*Exit.*]

*Mor.* Heigh ho!

## SCENE III. *Enter CLEMENT.*

*Clem.* My uncle desires me to inform you, Sir, that he has examined the deed, and it is ready for signing.

*Mor.* I am coming.

*Clem.* Had I but any influence with you, Sir, I would intreat, I would conjure you not to execute it.

*Mor.* Why?

*Clem.* A sudden demand may be made, by the first mortgagee; you may be unprovided for payment; equity of redemption will be forfeited; he will foreclose, and the estate will be his at a valuation made fifty years ago, at less than half its present worth.

*Mor.*

*Mor.* Ha, ha, ha ! 'Twill become his incumbrance, as it has been mine.

*Clem.* Money lenders neglect no advantage.

*Mor.* And as for conscience or honour—

*Clem.* Some of them I am afraid, Sir, have very little of either.

*Mor.* 'Tis in the order of things. Your uncle indeed is a man of integrity; he knows them to be rogues, and warns me of them.

*Clem.* Sir, he—I—He may be a mistaken man, like others. I once again conjure you, Sir, to re-consider the consequence. It is a very serious affair.

*Mor.* Mr. Clement you are wrong : You cherish the fond hope of alleviating misery. Ah !

*Clem.* Sir, I—My situation is a painful one, but every feeling of honesty and duty compel me to inform you that, when once you have signed this deed, you will be wholly in the grasp of mercenary men, who will pay no respect to former profits, the benefits they have received, or the feelings and distresses of him by whom they have acquired wealth, power, and pride. [*Exit.*

*Mor.* The nephew and the uncle, poor fools, have the misfortune to be honest. Grime, sly villain, is more cunning, and will not forfeit his hope of cutting evil short at the gallows. The deed must be signed; for the money must be had. Yet these cautionings do but strengthen an aversion which, in spite of necessity, I have always felt against this last act of despair.

#### S C E N E IV. *Enter ITEM.*

*Mor.* Mr. Item, you are right : this mortgage is a damned affair. Delay is dangerous; thought is vain; yet I am inclined to think again, before I sign.

*Item.* By all means, Sir ! I like that ! I approve that ! Act with your eyes open ! Take no rash step ! 'Tis what I always say—but mine is a thankless office. Like other officious fools, I can give counsel, but no help. I am sorry to tell you, here is the upholsterer below, who is very insolent, and declares, if he be not paid immediately, he will have an execution in the house before night.

*Mor.*

*Mor.* Scoundrel!—Could not you put him off for a week?

*Item.* He has been put off too often.

*Mor.* Are there no means by which you might advance me that sum yourself?

*Item.* Oh, that I could! It would make me the happiest man on earth!

*Mor.* Affectionate soul!

*Item.* Riches would now indeed be welcome!

*Mor.* (*Sensibility.*) Mr. Item, you make me as great a fool as yourself.

*Item.* As to the deed, again and again I warn you not to sign it.

*Mor.* Then I will not. Ruin and wretchedness are certain; but the mode of being wretched is in my own choice, and I will not.

*Item.* Yet, what the devil I shall say to all your other tradesmen I don't know! They are every man of them as clamorous as the upholsterer. I don't believe one of them will wait two days.

*Mor.* Was ever man so pestered?

*Item.* Here too is a long account that I have just received from your groom at Newmarket; who says he shall soon want even a whisp of hay. For my part, I have not a guinea in hand! I wish I had! Then the impatience of Cheveril? And what the malignant, damned world will say of the defalcation of a guardian there is no foreseeing! "Mine is a painful task; for I cannot honestly discharge my conscience, without shewing you both sides of the picture."

*Mor.* "Ay, ay! Be faithful; follow nature; daub in the dark shades!"

*Item.* Sign you must not!

*Mor.* At least I will take an hour or two to think of it. Misfortune, disgrace, and approaching infamy sit mocking at me, and I shall soon attain the acmé of misery. [Exit.

*Item.* (*Sneer.*) Ha, ha, ha! You won't sign? Indeed, moody master of mine! Ha? But I will send those about your ears that will presently make you! [Ex.



SCENE V. *The Street.* CHEVERIL.

*Chew.* This is the street. It must be somewhere hereabout. What a fatiguing affair pleasure hunting is ! Oh that I could once more meet my lovely angel ; my Green Park Deity ! (*Examines his card.*) This is the number.

SCENE VI. *Enter LENNOX from Mrs. ENFIELD'S Door.*

*Chew.* Heydèy ! Lennox ?

*Len.* Cheveril ?

*Chew.* Coming from— ? You ! Who preach refinement of pursuit, and delicacy of enjoyment ?

*Len.* Oh ! We preach one thing, we practice another. Beside, were you but to see her !

*Chew.* Her ! Who ?

*Len.* The girl I told you of—The divinest creature— !

*Chew.* What, here ?

*Len.* I am all flame !

*Chew.* In this house ?

*Len.* Yes : but she shall not remain there half an hour. I am going to prepare every thing. I am determined to secure her—.

*Chew.* (*Afide.*) Honest Grime has given him an introduction too.

*Len.* Hush ! (*Joanna throws up the sash, and appears for a moment at the window.*) There she is ! (*Points.*)

*Chew.* Where ? I see nobody.

*Len.* Ah, she's gone again.

*Chew.* Oh, but I'll (*Preparing for a run.*)

*Len.* (*Seizing his arm.*) Where are you going ?

*Chew.* To leap through the window !

*Len.* No, Cheveril ; that must not be.

*Chew.* Why not ?

*Len.* She is mine.

*Chew.* Yours ?

*Len.* I have bought an exclusive right to her : paid a hundred pounds down.

*Chew.* Pooh.

*Len.*

*Len.* I tell you she is, and shall be mine.

*Chev.* Well, well; if so—(*Going.*)

*Len.* (*Preventing him.*) Come with me!

*Chev.* No; I can't.

*Len.* Why not?

*Chev.* This is my way.

*Len.* Nay, but—

*Chev.* Good bye!

[*Exit running.*]

*Len.* Zounds, my damned blabbing tongue! (*Looking after him.*) There he flies, the whirligig! Ah! he is out of sight, and all is safe. I must have Mordent's assistance. Where the devil does he loiter? (*Looks wistfully at the window.*) I'll soon be back though, for fear of accidents.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. *The House of Mrs. ENFIELD.*

*Mrs. En.* (*Calling.*) Betty!

*Betty.* (*Without.*) Ma'am.

*Mrs. En.* Who is it that bounced through the back door in such haste?

*Betty.* (*Enters.*) I don't know ma'am: a young—Hem!

[*Exit.*]

*Enter CHEVERIL.*

*Chev.* I am here, safe: I have tricked him! Your humble servant, Madam. Your name is—?

*Mrs. Enfield,* at your service, Sir.

*Chev.* You keep a—modish magazine, I think.

*Mrs. En.* Magazine!

*Chev.* Of ready-made beauty?

*Mrs. En.* Well, Sir?

*Chev.* Your acquaintance, honest Mr. Grime, informed me you have a sample of a fine sort.

*Mrs. En.* Ah, you are too late!

*Chev.* My friend Lennox has paid you one hundred pounds. Don't stare; I know the whole. Bring me to the lady, and, if I like her—

*Mrs. En.* I am very sorry, sir, but I cannot: my honour won't let me.

*Chev.*

## THE DESERTED DAUGHTER:

*Chev.* Prodigious virtue! Come, come! Lennox is cunning forty; I am foolish one and twenty. He is too old to be a lavish paymaster,

*Mrs. En.* Ah, sir, that is your mistake! He is too young! He will pay better as he grows older.

*Chev.* I have eight thousand a year, and am determined to be a—a—a—wicked dog.

*Mrs. En.* Ah, lord love you!

*Chev.* So see her I must. This is my proof.

[*Shewing a Bank bill.*]

*Mrs. En.* As Mr. Lennox is your friend, perhaps you have his permission?

*Chev.* Permission? Oh, yes—No! I'll be wicked but not unprincipled: I won't lie! That is a paltry scoundrel vice; no soul in it. Look you, if that sum will not content you, tell me what will?

*Mrs. En.* Why, sir, you are such a handsome, charming, pleasant young gentleman, that—if you could spare me another such—?

*Chev.* To settle accounts with your honour. Well, there.

*Mrs. En.* Observe, sir—it is only a short conversation.

*Chev.* Nothing more.

*Mrs. En.* No injury to Mr. Lennox?

*Chev.* Never fear.

*Mrs. En.* But you must be wary: young as she is, I never saw so cute a one!

*Chev.* Never fear, I tell you! I understand such affairs; or soon shall do at least. I'm a young beginner, but a devilish apt scholar! [*Exit Mrs. Enfield.*]  
Now if she be worth carrying off, and I could out-wit Lennox! I! Oh! I should establish my character, for spirit, soul, and intrepidity for ever! I'll not be out of countenance. No, damme, I am determined! I'll—I'll speak, and to the purpose too! I'll be a damned forward, prating, impudent, wicked, dog!

SCENE



SCENE VIII. *Enter Mrs. ENFIELD, leading JOANNA, who follows reluctantly. CHEVERIL turns his back and tries to assume courage.*

*Joanna.* Really, madam—

*Mrs. En.* Ah, my lamb, pray oblige me! He is one of my kindest, best friends.

*Joanna.* What then?

*Mrs. En.* You are so sweet a cherub! I must procure my friends the pleasure of your acquaintance! Ah! There's a dove! There's a beauty!—Dear! I forgot my knotting! I will be back in a moment.

[*Exit.*

*Chev.* (*Not daring to look at Joanna, calls.*) *Mrs. Enfield!*—She is gone!—I should have felt bolder, had she been present.

*Joanna.* It is very strange!

*Chev.* What does she say?

*Joanna.* First one man, and then another!

*Chev.* (*Listening.*) Hay? Hem!

*Joanna.* Her friends too are all men!

*Chev.* Where the devil now is all my impudence flown?

*Joanna.* But she is so kind, so winning, that I have not the power to deny,

*Chev.* If I could but turn round—One plunge and it would be over!

*Ma—!* Heavens!

[*Turns by degrees.*

[*Stands astonished.*

*Joanna.* (*Aside.*) Mercy! It is he!

*Chev.* (*Aside.*) The very beauty of the Green Park!

*Joanna.* (*Sighs.*) I had almost hoped never to have seen him more!

*Chev.* (*Aside.*) This is the luckiest—Lucky? To find her here?

*Joanna.* (*Aside.*) I have thought of him much too often!

*Chev.* (*Aside.*) A creature so divine! Looks of such conscious modesty! And in this place?

*Joanna.* Sir—

*Chev.* Madam—(*Aside.*) O that I might but touch her lips!

*Joanna.*

*Joanna.* Mrs. Enfield informs me you are one of her best friends.

*Chew.* Me, madam?

*Joanna.* Yes, sir.

*Chew.* Why—That is—(*Aside.*) No: I'll not deceive her! (*Aloud.*) I—I never saw Mrs. Enfield before in my life.

*Joanna.* Never—?

*Chew.* Never. And I don't care if I never see her again.

*Joanna.* Bless me!

*Chew.* Very true, madam. And I—

*Joanna.* (*Calling.*) Mrs. Enfield!

*Chew.* Stop, madam!—Pardon my presumption, but—I—you—you have so much beauty and modesty—and merit—and—I am such a faltering—bashful booby—that, if you leave me—I shall run mad!

*Joanna.* Mad, sir?

*Chew.* Upon my soul I shall, madam! I can't help it! I never was so enchanted, enraptured, and ravished in all my life! And I am very sorry to find you—

*Joanna.* Sorry to find me?

*Chew.* No, no, no, madam! Glad to find you! Infinitely glad; but not in this house!

*Joanna.* And why, sir?

*Chew.* I was frantic to think I had lost you!

*Joanna.* How so, sir? We are not acquainted?

*Chew.* I am sorry for it, madam!—B—b—but I hope we shall be. I have been a very Bedlamite! I could neither eat, drink, nor sleep!—I have dreamed of you every night! You have been in my head, in my heart, in my arms—!

*Joanna.* Your arms, sir?

*Chew.* Oh lord, no, madam! No, no!—I—I am talking in my sleep now. I mean—That is—I would not offend you, madam, no, not for ten thousand thrones! Though to find you here is the greatest torment—!

*Joanna.* Torment?

*Chew.*

*Chew.* B—b—bliss! I—I—I would say bliss, madam! Bliss ineffable! And if—you would but leave this wicked place—

*Joanna.* I do not understand you, sir!

*Chew.* Purity of heart is the characteristic of your countenance: I am sure you are innocent; or, if not, I would give worlds that you were!

*Joanna.* This, sir, is the first time we ever spoke together: what have you heard or seen of me that should authorize you to doubt?

*Chew.* Nothing, madam! On my soul, nothing! Every motion, word and look, speak virtue void of blemish! I would lay down my life to prove it, and to rescue you from this bad woman!

*Joanna.* From Mrs. Enfield?

*Chew.* An odious, vile—!

*Joanna.* You make me half suspect you are as frantic as you describe yourself! She is the most benevolent of women!

*Chew.* Forgive me if I appear intruding; indeed my intention is good; but, how long have you been in this house?

*Joanna.* Not four hours.

*Chew.* And how long acquainted with this woman?

*Joanna.* To-day was the first time I ever saw her.

*Chew.* (*In raptures.*) She's innocent! She's innocent!

*Mor.* (*Without.*) I tell you, I will see her!

*Chew.* (*Alarmed.*) 'Sdeath! I hear my guardian!

*Mor.* Lennox will be here presently.

*Chew.* (*Looking round.*) I must not be seen, but for heaven's sake let me speak to you once more!

[*Retires into a closet, from which he occasionally looks.*]

S C E N E IX. Enter MORDENT.

*Mor.* (*Surveys Joanna.*) Your humble servant, madam. (*Aside.*) She is indeed beautiful!

*Joanna.* (*Aside.*) This is the man of the portrait!

*Mor.* You are acquainted, I believe, with my friend, Mr. Lennox?

*Joanna.*



*Joanna.* I, sir? Not to my knowledge.

*Mor.* Did he not converse with you this morning?

*Joanna.* I have conversed with two gentlemen this morning: you are the third.

*Mor.* (*Aside.*) Lovely creature! Can she too be an instrument of malevolence? (*Aloud.*) I mean a fair gentleman, about forty.

*Joanna.* Well, sir; what of him?

*Mor.* Did he—not make proposals?

*Joanna.* To me? Proposals?

*Mor.* Ay, madam; on the common subject, the promoting of ill?

*Joanna.* You speak riddles. He talked idly, and perhaps was more unprincipled and insulting than I supposed!

*Mor.* (*Aside.*) By heavens, she is an innocent! Nay her countenance would half persuade me there are beings capable of happiness!

*Chev.* (*From the closet.*) Zounds! He looks as if he too would fall in love with her!

*Mor.* Pardon my intrusion, madam: I am a stranger to you, but—

*Joanna.* Not entirely.

*Mor.* Not!

*Joanna.* I have been studying you all the morning.

*Mor.* Me?—You never saw me before!

*Joanna.* Yes, I have.

*Mor.* When? Where?

*Joanna.* (*Pointing to the Picture.*) Here—In effigy.

*Chev.* What are they about?

*Mor.* My portrait? (*Aside.*) How dare the old bel-dam hang it up in her house?

*Joanna.* It speaks volumes: yet not so much as the original.

*Chev.* Oh that I could hear them!

*Mor.* Indeed! And what does it say, madam? If it speak good, it lies.

*Joanna.* Either it indicates falsely or you have flattered, promised, deceived, and betrayed.

*Mor.* (*Aside.*) Astonishing!—Who?

*Joanna.* More poor girls than one!

*Mor.*

*Mor.* (*Aside.*) Her eyes penetrate to the heart!—  
(*Aloud.*) Evil is every where, therefore in me.

*Chev.* How she gazes at him! 'Sdeath!

*Joanna.* There is a mixture; traits that struggle to be just and good; occasional marks of virtue, but more of moody remorse.

*Mor.* (*Aside.*) Is this real?—You judge and speak freely, madam, I applaud your sincerity.

*Joanna.* What should I fear? Beside, you have not the features of revenge.

*Mor.* (*Aside.*) Her understanding and discernment surpass her beauty.

*Chev.* Will they never have done.

*Joanna.* This eye! How often must it have assumed the same deceiving form and meaning, to have impressed these deep lines of artful seduction! How frequently must health, wealth, and principle have been sacrificed, to gratify dishonest passions!

*Mor.* (*Aside.*) Amazing! So young too!

*Joanna.* You are an unhappy man: for you have not the apathy of folly; you have a sense, a feeling of what you have done.

*Chev.* I shall go mad!

*Mor.* I have never had faith in forcery! Is it your profession?

*Joanna.* I have no profession. I am nobody; the child of nobody; a branch lopped off and cast away; that might have grown, but that could find no root. Misfortune and an active spirit, struggling to shake off oppression, have quickened me a little. Other than this I am but a simple girl; and my whole art is to note what I see, and to speak what I think.

*Mor.* Whoever you are, come but with me, and, while I have a morsel, a home, or a heart, you shall share them.

*Chev.* (*Runs forward.*) Damme if she shall!

*Mor.* Why, Mr.—!

*Chev.* She shall have my morsel, my home, and my heart!

*Mor.* You in this house, sir?

*Chev.* Nay, sir, you in this house, sir? Madam, put no faith in him! You are very right, he is a seducer!

ducer! I love you, heart, body, and soul! I'll offer you no wrong! Every proof that the most ardent, purest passion can give, feel, or imagine, shall be yours!

*Joanna.* This house! This house! What is it you mean, gentlemen? Is there contamination in this house?

*Chev.* Vile! Detestable! A place of intrigue!

*Joanna.* Heavens! [Exit precipitately.]

*Mor.* (*Prevents Cheveril from passing.*) How came I, fir, to find you here?

*Chev.* Zounds, fir, how came I to find you here?

SCENE X. *Enter Mrs. ENFIELD.*

*Mrs. En.* What have you done, gentlemen, to alarm the young creature in this manner? A little more and she had escaped us all!

*Mor.* Hark you, Mrs. Enfield. At your peril, keep her safe and free from insult till my return! [Exit.]

*Chev.* Insult! If you breathe impurity in her presence, I'll make a general massacre! Let any one take her away, speak to her, or even look at her, while I am gone, and I'll grind you all to powder! (*Goes and hastily returns.*) Here! Here are all the bills I have! I'll be back in five minutes! keep her safe and I'll give you a thousand pounds! My name is Cheveril: ten thousand! (*Returns.*) Cheveril, I say, my whole estate!

*Mrs. En.* But, fir! fir!

[Exit.]  
[Exit.]

*End of the Third Act.*

ACT



## A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*The House of MORDENT.*

ITEM *enraged and GRIME determined.*

GRIME.

ONCE for all, Mr. Item, it will not do! So be of a sweet temper.

*Item.* Why you grumbling old blockhead, what would you have? May you not thank me for every shilling you are worth in the world?

*Grime.* Don't tell me Mr. Item! I am but your scavenger, and you put me to a deal of dirty work.

*Item.* Here's gratitude! Why, Mr. Grime!

*Grime.* Well, Mr. Item!

*Item.* Did I not first find you in a miserable garret, in Fullwood's Rents, where you were starving in rags and wretchedness?

*Grime.* Well!

*Item.* Did I not take you to Monmouth-Street, make you cast your beggar's skin, transform you into something almost human, hire you apartments in the Temple, and pass you on my master for a rich usurer, a damned rogue?

*Grime.* Very true. But you would not let me act my part! You took care to be the damned rogue yourself!

*Item.* Have I not trusted you, tutored you, taught you your trade, and furnished the tools?

*Grime.* What then?

*Item.* And do you pretend to bargain, wrangle, and prescribe terms to me?

*Grime.* Yes: I do.

*Item.* You do?

*Grime.* I do. Help yourself how you can.

*Item.* Here's a villain!

*Grime.* You tutored me, you know; you taught me my trade, and furnished the tools.

*Item.* You viper! Sting the bosom that fostered you?

*Grime.*

*Grime.* I follow your own example ; Mr. Mordent fostered you ? There's morality in it.

*Item.* Oh, damn your morality !

*Grime.* Be of a sweet temper ! Time was I was your slave ; you are now mine.

*Item.* Oh, the rascal !

*Grime.* I am too deep in your secrets for you to dare discard me ; so, I'll have my share.

*Item.* Your—?

*Grime.* Ay, my !—My full share. So be sweet tempered.

*Item.* And who is to find the money ?

*Grime.* You.

*Item.* And who is to run the risk ?

*Grime.* You.

*Item.* And who is to be prosecuted for usury and collusion.

*Grime.* Cast perhaps for perjury, whipped, imprisoned, and put in the pillory—You.

*Item.* And you to run away with half the profits ?

*Grime.* Yes.

*Item.* Here's justice ! Oh, what a damned world do we live in !

*Grime.* Your fortune is made ; you must now help to make mine.

## SCENE II. *Enter DONALD unperceived.*

*Item.* Here's a villain !

*Grime.* You must, or I tell.

*Item.* What will you tell ?

*Grime.* All !—All the usurious tricks you have practised on Mordent : the arts by which you have cheated him of his estates, pretending that I am the man ; your intention to foreclose ; your neglect in not paying yourself interest, purposely to rob according to law ; your plots to ruin Cheveril ; all, all !

*Item.* You will tell all this ?

*Grime.* I will.

*Item.* Why you fiend ! You superlative villain ! You cut-throat !

*Grime.* (*Seeing Donald.*) Hem !

[*Pause.*

*Don.*

*Don.* What the hornie de'el do ye stop at? What gars ye swither? I'ze haud my whisht! Yeer confabulation is unco entertaining!

*Item.* Ah! good Mr. Donald! Here is my old friend, Mr. Grime, has, has—(*Afide to Grime.*) [You see what your villainy has done!] (*Aloud.*) He is a good-natured soul, as you know, [Scoundrel!] and he—I—I—

*Don.* Ye!—Yas; ye'er a sweet nut, gin ye war well crackt.

*Item.* I, I, I was bantering him: trying to, to—[Villain!] but nothing can put him in a passion! [Oh, curse you!] Nothing!

*Don.* The fient! Wow! But ye'er a pauky Gilligapus?

*Item.* Perhaps you want our good master, Mr. Donald?

*Don.* Aiblins yeer right, auld Cloutie.

*Item.* He is gone out. Nothing but a joke, Mr. Donald: nothing else.

*Don.* (*Clenching his fist.*) Noo could I gi' him sic an a gowf o' the haffet!

*Item.* Can I, can my dear friend, Mr. Grime [Oh, you thief!] do you any service?

*Don.* Haud yeer blether, mon!

*Item.* Can we oblige you any way in the world?

*Don.* Yas.

*Item.* (*Fawning.*) How? How?

*Don.* Tak compaission o' the boeels o' yeer brother, Jack Ketch, and be yeer ain hangman! [*Exit.*]

### SCENE III. ITEM and GRIME.

*Item.* There villain! You see what you have done!

*Grime.* Is it my fault? I tell you again, you had better be sweet tempered. I shall say no more: you know my mind. (*Going.*)

*Item.* (*Afide.*) Oh that I could poison him! (*Aloud.*) Mr. Grime! Mr. Grime!

*Grime.* Well, Mr. Item?

*Item.* This quarreling is very foolish.

*Grime.* Oh, ho!



*Item.* We are necessary to each other.

*Grime.* I know it.

*Item.* Your hand?

*Grime.* There.

*Item.* We are friends?

*Grime.* If you please.

*Item.* Well, well—(*Afide.*) Damn him! How I hate the dog!—Concerning this Berkshire mortgage—

*Grime.* Ay?

*Item.* You shall have twenty per cent. on the premium.

*Grime.* That won't do!

*Item.* Thirty!

*Grime.* It won't do! Half! The full half!

*Item.* (*Afide.*) Hell take him!—Well, well, my dear Grime, the half be it.

*Grime.* Together with my moiety of the thousand, given with Joanna.

*Item.* Your—? Hem! (*Sighs.*) You shall; you shall. Are you satisfied?

*Grime.* On these conditions.

*Item.* Where is the deed?

*Grime.* In that bag.

*Item.* Mordent is coming. I know he will, for I know he shall, sign. But that is not all.

*Grime.* What more?

*Item.* This damned Scotchman will assuredly betray us to him; and Lady Anne's jointure prevents his being so entirely destitute, and powerless, as is necessary,

*Grime.* But how is that to be helped?

*Item.* Easily enough. You must convey information, to her father and relations, that he has a daughter.

*Grime.* Nay, but—

*Item.* Hush! Here he comes! I will give you my reasons and instructions when we are alone. Where is the deed?

*Grime.* Here, ready. Hem!

SCENE

SCENE IV. *Enter Mr. MORDENT.*

*Mor. (Anger.)* What is the meaning, Mr. Item, that I see that upholsterer, and two other ill-looking followers with him below?

*Item.* Nay, why ask me? Why knit your brows at me? Can I coin?

*Mor.* Excuse me! I am a hunted bull, and butt at friends and foes!

*Item.* The insolent fellow insisted on taking possession; so, thinking you would not wish Lady Anne to know, I prevailed on him and the officer to remain in the hall, till I could speak to you. If I have done amiss, shew me in what.

*Mor.* No, no. I know your zeal. Why will you not advance two thousand pounds, for that and other immediate purposes, and delay signing, Mr. Grime? I ask only a day!

*Item.* Ay, Mr. Grime, why will you not?

*Grime. (With great gravity.)* Impossible!

*Item.* Don't tell me! Impossible, indeed! You ought to consent; it is your duty: nay, you shall consent!

*Grime.* I cannot. Must have security.

*Mor.* Ha, ha, ha! Villain!—Where is the deed?

*Item.* So you will not, Mr. Grime? You will not?

*Grime.* I wish I could! But I am myself a borrower: the money is not my own.

*Item.* Hem!

*Mor.* Ha, ha, ha! Damn your rascal hypocrisy! Give me the pen!

*Item. (Holding his arm.)* Why you will not sign, sir! Will you?

*Mor.* Peace, fool! Cannot you see a wretch on the wheel but that your bones too must ach?

*Item. (Quitting him: he signs.)* Ah! It is always thus! I may advise, but my advice is never followed!

*Mor. (Seals.)* "I deliver this as my act and deed." Here, implement of hell! I know your thirst, blood-hound! 'Tis ready mixed destruction: take, quaff, and burst! Begone!

*Item.* (*Seizing the deed.*) Come, fir! My good master has sufficient reason to be angry with you! It was very unfriendly, fir, to refuse. You teach Mr. Mor-dent what he has to expect. (*Aside.*) All is now secure!  
 [Exeunt ITEM and GRIME.]

SCENE V. *Enter DONALD, looking earnestly after them.*

*Don.* Ha' ye signed?—Ha' ye signed?

*Mor.* Ask no questions—Yes.

*Don.* Weel, weel!—Stark deed has nae remeed!—Twa wolves may worry ane sheep—I kam to tal ye that yeer glib gabbit steward, and his compeer, Grime, are too scoondrels.

*Mor.* Pshaw! Fool!

*Don.* I tal ye, they are twa damned villains!

*Mor.* Grime, fellow! Grime! A paltry, gold-loving, ravenous rascal! But Item?—a worthy man.

*Don.* He wordy? That fient? Marcy o' my soul! He is the prime cock deel o' the blackest pit o' hell! The malifon curse catch 'em aw! 'Tis nae stick and stow sax minutes sin I heard aw their murgullied gab!

*Mor.* Hear?

*Don.* Yas! hear!

*Mor.* What did you hear?

*Don.* Item himsal confess that he had flethered ye of aw yeer estates; that Grime is nae mair but his flunkie; that it is his intantion to foreclose; that he has wilfully neglaeted to pay himsal interest, for that he may claw ye according tul law; that there ha' been sham deeds; and that a plot is laid to felch maister Cheveril of aw his walth.

*Mor.* (*Convulsive laughter.*) Ha, ha, ha! You heard all this?

*Don.* Wi' my ain ears!

*Mor.* Ha, ha, ha! Item? Are you sure you heard this precious mischief?

*Don.* When did Donald tall ye a lie?

*Mor.* Ha, ha, ha! Item? I am glad on't! 'Tis right! 'Tis consistent! 'Tis delightful! Ha, ha, ha!

Abraham's



Abraham's rejected prayer : not one honest man. Ha, ha, ha !

*Don.* Hoot awa ! Nae oneft ? Nor ye nor the black clawed Lucifer himfal canna deny but that Donald is oneft.

*Mor.* Item ! Ha, ha, ha ! Inestimable villain !— And I too ? Thought him just and good ! Oh, Gull ! Gull ! Gull ! Ha, ha, ha ! (*Recollecting.*) Tell Mr. Clement I wish to speak with him.

*Don.* Noo the steed is stolen, ye wad steek the door. [Exit.

*Mor.* (*Convulsed anguish.*) Oh the sharp fanged wolf ! Ha, ha, ha !

SCENE VI. Enter LENNOX.

*Len.* Mordent ! How now ? How you look !

*Mor.* I am an afs ! A most ineffable afs !

*Len.* What is the matter ?

*Mor.* Ha, ha, ha ! 'Tis proved upon me !

*Len.* Your mirth is of a strange kind !

*Mor.* The man whom I have trusted through life, ha, ha ! ha, he whose rigid honesty—do you mark me ? ha, ha, ha ! honesty !

*Len.* Well ?

*Mor.* Ha, ha, ha ! whose honesty made me sometimes doubt the truth of the self-evident system of evil, ha, ha ! he's a rascal ! A double leagued hell dog !

*Len.* Your steward ?

*Mor.* Item ! A deep damnable thorough-paced villain ; that can bully, cajole and curse, fawn, flatter and filch, ha, ha, ha !

*Len.* Be patient.

*Mor.* Oh I am delighted, ha, ha, ha !

*Len.* Be calm. You knew yourself to be in the power of a villain, and 'tis little matter whether his name be Grime or Item.

*Mor.* How ? Ha, ha, ha ! In a world of rascality, are not two rascals better than one ?

*Len.* Nay but attend to me. I want your help instantly, in Dover-street.

*Mor.* (*Pause.*) Dover-street ?

*Len.* Yes.

*Mor.* (*Recollecting.*) It must not be.

*Len.* Ahey ! What's the freak now ?

*Mor.* (*Wildly.*) You can have no help of mine.

*Len.* (*Angry.*) Indeed but I must !

*Mor.* (*Earnest rapidity.*) I would not commit an injury on that girl for worlds.

*Len.* (*Anger increasing.*) Why what conscientious mummery is this ? You neglect your own child, and pretend to interest yourself for a stranger !

*Mor.* If the stranger be an angel of light, a beneficent being, why not ?

*Len.* Beneficent ! What, in this system of evil ?

*Mor.* An exception to the rule ! A rare exception ?

*Len.* Like Item ?

*Mor.* Pshaw ! Hell !

*Len.* And may not your deserted daughter be equally an angel ?

*Mor.* (*Wild terror.*) May she ? If she should—I'll have no concern in the ruin of that girl !

*Len.* (*Confirmed suspicion and anger.*) Hark you, Mordent, you are plotting.

*Mor.* I ?

*Len.* No distress can cure you of your old propensities. You mean to trick me of her.

*Mor.* Ha, ha !

*Len.* 'Tis evident. Do you not affirm she cannot remain innocent, in the house into which she is decoyed ?

*Mor.* (*Cooling yet perturbed.*) Granted.

*Len.* Marriage excepted, which would be madness, am I a man to treat her vilely ?

*Mor.* Not worse than the malignity of fate ordains.

*Len.* Pooh ! Cant ! Cheveril, in the fervor of youth, is lunatic enough rather to marry than lose her.

*Mor.* Ay, ay ; he is horn mad to begin his career of wretchedness.

*Len.* And you his guardian, from pretended pity to a stranger, will guide and spur him to the course ?

*Mor.* Even so it is ! Mischief here, mischief there ; turn which way you will, mischief !

*Len.*

*Len.* Your word and honour are solemnly pledged. If you really wish the lovely creature's welfare, would preserve your ward, and prove your friendship and honest intentions, you will aid me.

*Mor.* Well, well, I am blind; I am but the tool of destiny; so be it!

*Len.* Your authority will oblige Mrs. Enfield to yield her to me.

*Mor.* No; my credit there is on the decline. Stratagem; stratagem.

*Len.* But how? What?

*Mor.* Convey a disguise to the girl.

*Len.* And so she will escape us all!

*Mor.* Escape? No, no! Malevolence is the element of man, and I have an apt alacrity: I will instruct you. Come this way. Having her safe, you may post away with her to my commodious house in Park-lane. Fear not me! When Belial is busy, shall his progeny be idle?

SCENE VII. *Re-enter DONALD.*

*Don.* Maister Clement is nae i' the hoose.

*Mor.* No matter—"The circle is complete: knaves  
"and fools engender each other; together they make  
"rulers; rulers make laws; laws make villains, and  
"villains sanctify and perpetuate the use of prisons,  
"chains, ropes, racks!"

*Len.* Come, come!

*Mor.* Oh! What an excellent gull is this image of the gods, this thing called man!

[*Exeunt MORDENT and LENNOX.*]

*Don.* Ah! Waes me! This poor lassie? I canna rest! I hirple here and gang hilching there, till I'ze e'en ramfeelzed wi'the ripples. I wist nae where tul spier niest. My dool and thole wull be my deeth! I' Gode's name, and wi' aw my hairt; for I'ze recht weary o' life!



SCENE VIII. *Enter CHEVERIL in great haste, searching.*

*Don.* Hoot, man, what is the bang?

*Chew.* My dear Donald, can you direct me where Mr. Item or Mr. Grime may be found?

*Don.* Donald direct ye tul sic an a pair o' scoondrels? Father Belzebub! But I wad at anes gar ye o'er catch plague pastilence and famine!

*Chew.* 'Sdeath! they are both dead and buried, I believe; for they are neither here, nor there, nor any where else. Can you tell me where I can borrow a few thousands?

*Don.* Sir! Do ye tak me for a thief, or a steward?

*Chew.* I shall go mad—Oh, Donald, I left the most angelic girl your eyes ever beheld at a wicked house! she must be friendless and fatherless, or she could not have been there.

*Don.* (*Eagerly.*) What's that ye red of angil and fatherless?

*Chew.* I am sure she is innocent. Vile as the house is, she is innocent.

*Don.* Wha? What she? What hoose?

*Chew.* I can't say—I saw her first in the Green Park.

*Don.* Green Park?

*Chew.* She is now at Enfield's—A divine girl! A miracle!

*Don.* What? Hoo?—A menzfoo' maiklefs las? I' the bloom o' youdith?

*Chew.* Not twenty; yet with the penetration, wit, and understanding of the seven sages!

*Don.* (*Agitated.*) The Green Pairk? Maircy misgi' me! Enfield's?

*Chew.* In Dover-street.

*Don.* I ken the place! A hoose o' hell!—Gin it be—! Quick, Donald, Quick! [*Exit hastily.*]

*Chew.* What is the matter with the honest soul? I don't know what sum that old harridan will require, but I can do nothing without money. I must have enough too, for I must make sure. I'll place her in safety and splendor: she shall be my queen!

SCENE

S C E N E IX. *Enter ITEM.*

*Chev.* Ah, my dear, dear Item! I am the luckiest fellow on earth! I am in instant want of money!

*Item.* So am I. I have been in want of it all my life.

*Chev.* You must furnish me with ten thousand pounds.

*Item.* Ah! I wish I could!

*Chev.* 'Sblood, don't stand wishing, but give me the money!

*Item.* If my friend Grime were but here—

*Chev.* 'Sdeath and the devil, give me the money! I shall lose her! She'll be gone! I'll make over the seventeen thousand, that is in Mordent's hands! I will by heaven! On the word and honour of a gentleman!

*Item.* The seventeen thousand?

*Chev.* I will!

*Item.* It is true, I have cash in hand; but not my own.

*Chev.* Zounds! Never mind whose it is! Let me have it!

*Item.* Why, if I could but manage the matter—I am but a poor old man, and it would be a little lift.

*Chev.* Damn your poverty and your cant!

*Item.* You are sure you understand—the seventeen thousand?

*Chev.* I tell you, yes!

*Item.* The risk will be very great!

*Chev.* Do you doubt my word?

*Item.* No, no—But—

*Chev.* But what?

*Item.* Your hand-writing, on a stamp, would be a memorandum.

*Chev.* You shall have it! Write a receipt for seventeen thousand: I'll sign it!

*Item.* (*Searches, takes out an account book, lays it down; then takes out another book, finds a stamp, and writes.*) Ay, this is the thing. You remember the risk? Otherwise, it might be thought—

*Chev.* Give it me! Give it me! I have no time for hinking! (*Signs.*)

*Item.* I must borrow to replace it.

*Chev.* Will you come away, and let me have the money? Come, come, man! 'Sdeath will you dispatch!

SCENE X. *Enter CLEMENT.*

*Clem.* Do you know where Mr. Mordent is, sir?

*Item.* No, sir! (*Cheveril hurries Item off, who puts up his receipt in one book, but forgets the other, that he laid down on the table.*)

*Clem.* Mr. Mordent has asked for me, and unfortunately I cannot find him. I fear he has signed the mortgage. Oh this uncle! Never was situation so excruciating as mine. Must I cast off all ties of blood, become his accuser, and, as the world would call it, betray my benefactor? Beside, what have I to reveal? My fears and my suspicions. Unconnected facts, that can alarm but not relieve. And who is it that I should thus impotently accuse? My own uncle. (*Sees the book.*) Hah! What have we here? As I live, his private account book! The very thing he so carefully has concealed from all inspection! What shall I do? Deliver it to Mordent? What may be the consequences? Disgrace, infamy, and—! Dreadful thought! I must not be rash.—Hark! He's here! I must consider well.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE XI. *Re-enter ITEM and CHEVERIL.*

*Item* with his hair on end, frightened; runs up to the table, looks over it, under it, and every where.

*Chev.* (*Anxious to get him away.*) You see, there is no book there!

*Item.* (*With terror.*) I am certain I had it in my hand!

*Chev.* We have not quitted the room a minute! Nobody can have been here since!

*Item.* We left my nephew here.

*Chev.* Well, if he have it, 'tis safe enough.

*Item.* I don't know that! I don't know that! If I have lost it, I shall never sleep again!

*Chev.*



*Chev.* Come away! You have it somewhere, locked up safe.

*Item.* No! I laid it down here! I am positive of it!

*Chev.* Nay, but you see that is impossible! Come, come! (*Taking his arm.*)

*Item.* If it be gone, I shall go mad!

*Chev.* Is it so valuable?

*Item.* (*Still searching his pockets, the table, and the chamber.*) I would not lose it for all I am worth in the world!

*Chev.* Come, come—(*Elbowing him but not rudely, at first to the door.*) What did it contain?

*Item.* My soul! My secrets!

*Chev.* Well, it certainly is not here! You must go! You shall go! I'll indemnify you!

*Item.* You can't!

*Chev.* I tell you, I will! (*Pushing him off.*) It is in your own room.

*Item.* I hope so! I hope so! (*Turning back.*) But my heart misgives me! Oh lord! I'm undone!

*Chev.* (*A push.*) Will you go?

*Item.* (*Turning.*) I am wretched!

*Chev.* (*Again push.*) You won't!

*Item.* (*Turning.*) I am ruined!

*Chev.* (*Again.*) Will you, or—?

*Item.* (*Turning.*) I'm lost! I'm dead! I'm—!

*Chev.* (*Again with more violence.*) Furies and fire, begone! [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE XII. Enter MORDENT.

*Mor.* (*Calls.*) Mr. Cheveril! (*Runs over to the door.*) Mr. Cheveril!—'Tis impossible to stop him! But no matter; the plan cannot fail: Lennox by this time has her safe. Why ay! I have advised! I have plotted, I have aided! And in what? Why the ruin of an innocent; who, while I looked and listened to her, I would have lost my life to defend? "Why was  
" man endowed with thought? It breeds but confusion! Fools have called it the gift of gods, wise  
" men know it to be the medium of misery."

## SCENE

SCENE XIII. *Enter Mrs. SARNET.*

*Mrs. Sar.* My lady, sir, desires to know if she may have the honour to see you !

*Mor.* What is the matter now ?

*Mrs. Sar.* Oh ! as to that, let my lady speak ! I have got ill-blood enough, because I would not take somebody's part. But that is all over.

*Mor.* What is over ?

*Mrs. Sar.* I have told my lady, often and often, how a gentleman's proud spirit might be brought down : but she would never listen to my *consultation* before.

*Mor.* Before ?

*Mrs. Sar.* For said I, my lady, you would be as merry as May, if you would but pluck up a spirit to take the Earl's advice, and leave all base seducers to their own course !

*Mor.* You said so ?

*Mrs. Sar.* Yes, I did ! I should be no woman, if I did not take part with my *sect* ! So we are all ready for moving ; seeing as we are resolved. For, said I, if he should fall at my feet and cry his eyes out ; I would not hear a word !

*Mor.* Indeed !

*Mrs. Sar.* Not but I have as tender a heart as another. But then, I would sooner break his heart than my own !

*Mor.* What does this insolent gabble mean ?

*Mrs. Sar.* Why it means that my lady is coming to take her leave ; and that then we shall be gone ; and then it will be seen who will have most cause to repent.

*Mor.* (*Aside.*) Is it possible ?

*Mrs. Sar.* I am sure if I could have made folks happy, I would have done it with all my heart and soul ! But the secret is out at last ; and all is settled. Not but, for all I'm so glad, I can't say but I'm sorry in the main ! for I'm sure some folks will be miserable enough ! and, though they richly deserve it, one can't help feeling for them, in ones heart. And so, sir, as perhaps I shall never see you no more, God blefs you, and mend you !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE XIV. *Enter Lady ANNE.*

*Lady A.* Mr. Mordent, I am driven upon an agonizing task, which a too painful sense of duty only could oblige me to execute.

*Mor.* Proceed, Madam; apologies, for feeling or for inflicting pain, are quite unnecessary!

*Lady A.* Forgive me! Would it were to be avoided! — You have a daughter?

*Mor.* Whence gain you that intelligence!

*Lady A.* From the Earl of Oldcrest.

*Mor.* And what is his authority?

*Lady A.* I know not. But I, it seems, have innocently been the cause that she is disowned and abandoned. Of such an act I cannot knowingly consent to be a moment guilty. The fatal period is come! that separation which I so much have dreaded, is inevitable!

*Mor.* And you support your fate with patience.

*Lady A.* Cruel man! do I deserve this parting reproach?

*Mor.* You deserve? Who shall dare insinuate it?

*Lady A.* Happy days and past endearments rush upon my mind with sensations unutterable?

*Mor.* I know! I know! — I am the vilest of men!

*Lady A.* Far from saying, far from thinking so, I take my full share of blame. How do I know that the fault is not wholly mine?

*Mor.* (*Much moved.*) Madam I—I—I request I may be tortured by any thing but your candor.

*Lady A.* I know I have lost the envied art of making myself intelligible to your feelings! And how? You once were happy, tender, and prone to smile at every look and word of mine! Of what fatal errors have I been guilty, that should have wrought this change?

*Mor.* Oh, exquisite! Continue! my nerves are strung!

*Lady A.* To despair of recovering those inestimable blessings was quite sufficient! But to be the cause of banishing a child from a father's arms and heart? to cast it an orphan on a tempestuous world? No! what-ever



ever my other mistakes may have been, of that no tongue shall accuse me!

*Mor.* Right! let the guilt be all my own!

*Lady A.* And now, I have one last request to make; which I conjure you, by all our former affection not to deny!

*Mor.* To ask favours, where there is neither the power to grant nor the desire to be thanked, is fruitless.

*Lady A.* I am but too well acquainted with the state of your affairs.

*Mor.* A humane motive for parting!

*Lady A.* The settlements you have made on me, in our early days of love, were ample. In the sincerity of affection, I vowed, if ever they should be necessary to your happiness, that moment they should again be yours.

*Mor.* (*Greatly agitated.*) Madam?

*Lady A.* Pardon and endure this proof of my fidelity! The deeds are now in Mr. Clement's possession: he will restore them to you.

*Mor.* (*Indignantly.*) Never!

*Lady A.* Stop! Beware of rashness! You are a father, and have a father's sacred duties to fulfil. Take home your daughter: make her what amends you can for the desertion of a parent's love.

*Mor.* 'Tis too much! Scorpions could not sting like this!

*Lady A.* On this last occasion, suffer a gleam of former kindness once more to warm your bosom. Money is a poor vehicle, for the affections of the soul! a contemptible token of the love I have borne you! but, such as it is, for that love's sake, give it welcome! A cold adieu I cannot take! It freezes my very heart! From my soul, I ever have loved, and ever shall love! Had I a heaven of happiness to bestow, would you but deign to accept it from me, it should be yours.

[*Exit.*

*Mor.* Why, so! so! so!—It rages! it bursts! it is complete! Let fate or fiends increase the misery, if they can!

SCENE

SCENE XV. *Enter DONALD.*

*Don.* It's past! It's aw o'er! My forebodings are  
foofilled!

*Mor.* (*Alarmed.*) Have you not found her yet?

*Don.* Yes, yes! I hae foond her!

*Mor.* Have you? Where?

*Don.* I'ze noo indeed a rasca' go-between! (*Horror.*)  
But what are ye?

*Mor.* You say you have found her?

*Don.* She is gone! She is ruined! Ye're a wratch:  
the most meeferable o' wratches!

*Mor.* Tormenting demon! What? Who?—Where  
have you been?

*Don.* To Dover-street!

*Mor.* (*Seized.*) Dover—?

*Don.* Tul the elritch limmer Enfield.

*Mor.* (*With terror.*) What do you say?

*Don.* I was too late! A maister scoondrel, e'en as  
wecked as her ain father, had decoyed her intul his  
net!

*Mor.* (*Frenzy*) Decoyed?

*Don.* Lennox! Yeer friend; yeer crony!

*Mor.* (*Horror.*) From Enfield's!

*Don.* Ha' not I toud ye?

*Mor.* Lennox? Dover-street? Joanna?

*Don.* Hear it, gin ye can, and live! Joanna! yeer  
child! Yeer guileless Joanna!

*Mor.* (*Distractedly.*) Misery of Hell! And was that  
Joanna? That my child? Celestial creature! And I  
the pit-digger!

(*Pause—Despair.*)

*Don.* (*Alarmed at the agony of Mordent.*) Sir!—  
Sir!—Maister!

*Mor.* (*Starting.*) I the pander? I cast her shrieking  
on the bed of infamy, and chain her in the arms of  
lust? Her father to do this?

(*Pause of fixed horror.*)

*Don.* Maister!—Dear Maister!—Maister Mordent!  
Dear Maister Mordent! Speak! I'ze forgi' ye! Why  
maister!

maister! I'ze pray for ye! I'ze die for ye! I'ze forgi' ye!

*Mor.* (Starting from a profound trance of despondency.) Fly! Summon the servants! Arm yourselves! follow me to Park Lane! [Exit.

*Don.* (Confusedly.) William! Sandy! Jock! [Exit calling.

*End of the Fourth Act.*

---

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Green Park, twilight.*

MORDENT and LENNOX.

MORDENT.

WE are now in private.

*Len.* I am glad we are.

*Mor.* And now, Sir, I insist on a clear and explicit answer. Where have you lodged Joanna?

*Len.* Nay, Sir, Where have you lodged Joanna?

*Mor.* Mr. Lennox, I will not be trifled with! where is she?

*Len.* Nor will I be trifled with, Mr. Mordent: I say where is she? The contrivance was your own! I know you! The moment you set your eyes on her you began your cursed plots, to secure her for yourself; and, when you found I would not give her up at your persuasion, you put them in practice while you treacherously pretended to secure her to me.—I tell you, I know you.

*Mor.* This will not serve, sir, it is all evasion.

*Len.*



*Len.* Ay, sir, it is evasion! cunning, base, damned evasion! and I affirm she is in your possession.

*Mor.* Mr. Lennox, I am at this moment a determined and desperate man, and must be answered—Where is she?

*Len.* Sir, I am as determined and as desperate as yourself, and I say, where is she? For you alone can tell?

*Mor.* 'Tis false!

*Len.* False?

*Mor.* Ay, false!

*Len.* (*Going up to him.*) He is the falsest of the false that dares whisper such a word!

*Mor.* Hark you, sir, I understand your meaning, and came purposely provided. (*Draws a pair of pistols.*) Take your choice. They are loaded.

*Len.* Oh, with all my heart! (*Presents at some paces distant.*) Come, sir.

*Mor.* (*Approaching sternly.*) Nigher!

*Len.* (*Approaching desperately.*) As nigh as you please!

*Mor.* (*Placing himself.*) Foot to foot!

*Len.* (*Frantically—both presenting.*) Muzzle to muzzle!

*Mor.* (*Short pause.*) Why don't you fire?

*Len.* Why don't you unlock your pistol?

*Mor.* (*After unlocking it.*) There!

*Len.* Why do you turn it out of the line?—(*Drops his arm. Pause.*) I see your intention, Mordent! You are tired of life, and want me to murder you!—Damn it, man, that is not treating your friend like a friend!—Kill me if you will, but don't make me your assassin!

(*Pause—both greatly affected.*)

*Mor.* (*Tenderly.*) Nay, kill me, or tell me where you have lodged the wretched girl.

*Len.* (*With great energy.*) Fiends seize me if I have lodged her any where, or know what is become of her.

*Mor.*

*Mor.* Your behaviour tells me you are sincere, and to convince you at once that I am no less so, know—she is my daughter !

*Len.* (*Seized.*) Your daughter ?

*Mor.* The honest indefatigable Donald discovered her at Enfield's !

*Len.* Murder my friend, and debauch his daughter.

*Mor.* (*Deeply affected.*) We are sad fellows.—(*They pause, and gradually recover from the deep passion with which they were mutually seized.*) Again and again, 'tis a vile world.

*Len.* (*Eagerly.*) I'll seek it through with you to find her.—Forgive me ?

*Mor.* (*Takes his hand.*) Would I could forgive myself !

*Len.* (*With animation.*) But it seems then she has escaped, and is perhaps in safety.

*Mor.* Oh that she were !—Donald used to meet her here, in the Green Park, about this time of the evening. (*Listens.*) I hear the sound of feet. (*Looks.*) 'Tis not a woman. Let us retire among the trees, and keep on the watch. [*While they are seen retiring.*]

## SCENE II. Enter CHEVERIL.

*Chev.* (*Looking round with great anxiety.*) She is not here—she is gone ! For ever gone—gone—gone ! I shall never more set eyes on her ! I'll fire that infernal Dover-street !—I'll pistol Lennox !—I may perambulate here till doomsday, and to no purpose. She would have been here had she been free. Ay, ay, she is in thralldom ; perhaps in the very gripe of vice—Furies !—Lennox is a liar !—I'll cut his throat !—I'll hack him piece-meal !—I'll have her, or I'll have his heart !

SCENE III. *Enter JOANNA in men's cloaths.**CHEVERIL seen walking among the trees.*

*Joanna.* Whither shall I run?—Where shall I hide? How fly the pursuits of wicked men, and women still more depraved? I have neither house, home, nor friend on earth; and the fortitude that can patiently endure is my only resource. What then?—Have I not escaped the dens of vice!—Oh happiness!—I have!—I have! And rather than venture in them again, welcome hunger, welcome cold, welcome the bare ground, the biting air, and the society of brute beasts.

*Chev. (Advancing.)* What can that youth want? Why is he watching here? *(Walks round Joanna.)*

*Joanna.* As I live the young gentleman I saw this morning! What reason can he have for being in this place?

*Chev.* He eyes me with curiosity.

*Joanna.* His intentions seemed good, for he first warned me against that wicked woman.

*Chev.* Who can say, he may know her? He is a smart, handsome, dapper fellow: I don't like him.

*Joanna.* I am not now confined by walls and bolts;—there can be no danger.—I'll speak.——Pray, sir—

*Chev. (Abruptly.)* Well, sir?

*Joanna.* Have you seen a young person—?

*Chev. (Eagerly.)* A lady—

*Joanna.* Yes.

*Chev. (Rapidly.)* With blue eyes, auburn hair, aquiline nose, ivory teeth, carnation lips, ravishing mouth, enchanting neck, a form divine, and an angel face?

*Joanna.* Have you seen her?

*Chev.* Are you acquainted with that lady?

*Joanna.* I am acquainted with a lady, but not an angel.

*Chev.*



*Chev.* Ah ! then it is not her. (*Jealous*) Perhaps you are her—her lover ?

*Joanna.* Humph—I—I love her.

*Chev.* You do ! (*Aside.*) I'll be the death of him !  
—And she loves you ?

*Joanna.* Why—Yes.

*Chev.* (*Aside.*) I'll put an end to him !—Are you married ?

*Joanna.* No.

*Chev.* You—you mean to marry her ?

*Joanna.* No.

*Chev.* Is she then lost to virtue ?

*Joanna.* Who dare suppose it ?

*Chev.* Ay ! who dare ? I'll cut the villain's throat that dares !

*Joanna.* She has endured insult, constraint, and violence ; but not guilt.

*Chev.* Guilt ? No ; not wilful guilt : impossible !  
But then—Is she safe ? Is she safe ?

*Joanna.* Disowned by her family, exposed to the snares of vice, houseless, hopeless, not daring to approach the wicked haunts of men, she wanders forlorn and desolate, willing to suffer, disdaining to complain.

*Chev.* Tell me where ! I will rescue, defend, protect, cherish, love, adore, die for her !

*Joanna.* Is your heart pure ? Have you no selfish dishonest purposes ?

*Chev.* How came you to imagine, sir, that I or any man durst couple her and dishonesty, even in a thought ?

*Joanna.* Meet me here to-morrow at ten.

*Chev.* You !

*Joanna.* You shall see her.

*Chev.* See her ! Shall I ?

*Joanna.* You shall.

*Chev.* My dear friend ! (*Catching her in his arms.*)  
I'll make your fortune !—At nine ?

*Joanna.* Ten.

*Chev.* Could not I see her to-night ?

*Joanna.*

*Joanna.* To-morrow Joanna will meet you.

*Chev.* Joanna? Is that her dear name?

*Joanna.* It is.

*Chev.* Delightful sound! The sweet Joanna! The divine Joanna! My heart's best blood is not so precious as Joanna!

*Joanna.* But pray where do you live?

*Chev.* Joanna!—In Portland-Place.

*Joanna.* Your name?

*Chev.* Joanna!—Cheveril: Hans Cheveril.—Joanna!—Be sure you don't forget.

*Joanna.* I'll be punctual.

SCENE IV. MORDENT *appearing among the trees.*

*Joanna.* Who's here (*Glides behind a tree.*)

*Chev.* Joanna!—At eight did not you say?—Where is he gone?—Sir! Sir! [*Runs off seeking.*]

*Mor.* I heard the name repeated! (*Aloud.*) Who is it here that knows Joanna?

*Joanna.* (*Appearing.*) I do.

*Mor.* Sir! Do you! Well, and what? Where?—Is she safe?

*Joanna.* I hope so.

*Mor.* But where, Sir, where?

*Joanna.* (*Aside.*) 'Tis Mr. Mordent! (*Aloud.*) Why do you enquire?

*Mor.* For heaven's sake, Sir, do not torment me by delay, but tell me where she is.

*Joanna.* I must not.

*Mor.* (*Seizing her arm.*) But, Sir, I say you must, and shall!

*Joanna.* (*Firmly.*) Sir, you mistake, if you suppose menaces can prevail.

*Mor.* Excuse me! I would give my right hand to know what it appears you can tell.

*Joanna.*

*Joanna.* I can tell nothing, 'till I am first made acquainted with your true motives.

*Mor.* And will you inform me then?

*Joanna.* Provided I am certain of their purity.

*Mor.* Know then that I pant for a sight of her once more, to do her the little justice that is yet in my power. Know, the wrongs she has received from me are irreparable, vile, such as could not have happened but in this worst of worlds! Know that I, her natural guardian, have been her actual persecutor; that I drove her to the abode of infamy; that I became the agent of her ruin, the plotter against her chastity; and that, when I had set the engines of darkness and hell at work to ensure her everlasting wretchedness, I then discovered [*With horror.*] she was my daughter!

*Joanna.* Sir!—Your daughter!—You? You my father?

*Mor.* How!

*Joanna.* (*Falling at his feet and snatching his hand*) Oh!

*Mor.* Can it be?—My child? —My Joanna?  
(*Eagerly raising and regarding her again.*) It is! It is!  
[*Falling on her neck.*]

*Joanna.* My father!

*Mor.* My child! And innocent?

*Joanna.* As your own wishes; or the word father should never have escaped my lips! This dress was the disguise conveyed to me, by which I effected my escape. I can suffer any thing but dishonour.

*Mor.* A father? Oh!—I do not deserve thee! I do not deserve thee! (*Gazing rapturously.*) Once again, let me fold thee to my heart!

*Len.* (*Without at a distance.*) Zounds, sir!

*Chew.* (*Without.*) I insist, sir!

*Joanna.* I hear voices.

[*They retire.*]

SCENE



SCENE V. *Enter CHEVERIL and LENNOX.*

*Chev.* Oh for swords, daggers, pistols!

*Mor.* (*To Joanna.*) This way!

[*Exeunt Mordent and Joanna.*]

*Len.* Confound your impertinent freaks; they have stopped my mouth this half hour; I would have told you all I knew instantly, but for your insulting passion!

*Chev.* Did not you say you would not tell me where she is?

*Len.* I said I could not.

*Chev.* Why there now.

*Len.* But I suspect I can tell more at present, if you will but hear.

*Chev.* 'Sdeath, then, why don't you?

*Len.* Will you be silent?—I had a glimpse of Mordent this moment, in conversation with a youth.

*Chev.* Well?

*Len.* It was the identical dress I sent as a disguise to Joanna.

*Chev.* How!

*Len.* And I suspect that very youth to be Joanna herself.

*Chev.* (*Recollecting.*) By heaven, and so it is! (*Anger and fear.*) In the possession of Mordent?

*Len.* Be patient—there is a secret—His claims supercede all others.

*Chev.* His claims!—By every power of heaven and hell——

*Len.* (*Catching his arm.*) Be patient I tell you;—she is his daughter!

*Chev.* (*Momentary pause.*) Joanna? my sweet Joanna? his daughter?

*Len.* Even so.

*Chev.* His daughter? Hurrah! My dear Lennox! (*Hugs him in his arms.*) Hurrah! (*In extacy.*) Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Hurrah! His daughter? Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE VI. *The House of MORDENT.*

CLEMENT and Mrs. SARNET.

*Clem.* Are you sure it was Mr. Mordent?*Mrs. Sar.* I tell, you, sir, I ~~was~~ on the watch, and opened the door myself. Take care, my dear, said he, to the sham gentleman-lady; and handed her in as lovingly!—The monster!—My lady is bewitched!—She is *fabricated*!—She can't quit the house. I am sure he must have nailed an invisible horse-shoe to the threshold!*Clem.* But how do you know this pretended youth to be a woman?*Mrs. Sar.* Did not I hear? I held the candle full flare in her face; it was a perfect *picter*! I never saw the like.—So she is to be brought home, truly!—Such *magnanimous* impudence! But I'll go to my lady.*Clem.* Be cautious: you may do mischief.*Mrs. Sar.* I don't care! I am resolved to *stabilate* and *confound* facts. So then, having a sufficient dearth of proofs, we shall sail off in the *charut*; and be properly received by the Earl, the Viscount, and the Bishop; and be squired into the hall; and be kissed for joy; and shall swim up stairs into the bosom of the family. [Exit.]SCENE VII. *Enter CHEVERIL hastily.**Chev.* Dear Clement, have you seen Mr. Mordent?*Clem.* No:—I am in search of him, on affairs of the utmost importance.*Chev.* So am I.*Clem.* No less than the recovery or total loss of his mortgaged lands.*Chev.* How?*Clem.*

*Clem.* I am in great need of advice, and should be glad to consult you.

*Chev.* Consult!—'Sdeath, man, I am in a hurry! I cannot rest till I have found him.

*Clem.* Nay, but on the decision of the moment his ruin or safety depends.

*Chev.* Indeed! If so, my impatience must wait. What is it?

*Clem.* I hear footsteps.—This way. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII. *Enter MORDENT and JOANNA.*

*Mor.* Yes, dear girl, your rare endowments surpass my hopes; and, convinced as I am that beauty is destructive, and wisdom impotent, I joy to find you thus adorned.

*Joanna.* Wait to know me better. I fear you should prize me above my worth.

*Mor.* How shall I reward it? Fool that I am, madman that I have been.

*Joanna.* (*Rapturously kissing his hand.*) This is my rich reward!

*Mor.* I have told you in part my desperate situation. If Grime would but give honest evidence—But of that there is little hope.

*Joanna.* My greatest fear arises from what you have said of Lady Anne. I must not, will not be the cause of separation.

*Mor.* Let me do her justice: She is a miracle of forbearance. I have hated and spurned at the kindness I did not deserve. Her perseverance in good has been my astonishment and my torture.

*Joanna.* Oh that I could see you reconciled! Oh that I could gain the love of such a lady!

*Mor.* Of that, sweet girl, you are certain. Lennox is with her, and by this she knows your story; and I am sure adores your virtue.

*Lady A.* (*Without.*) Where is she?

*Mor.* I hear her.



SCENE IX. *Enter* LADY ANNE.

*Lady A.* Oh! noble girl! (*Runs and embraces Joanna.*) Forgive this rude tumult of affection, which I cannot restrain.

*Joanna.* Is it possible?

*Lady A.* Mr. Mordent, you are now a million fold more dear to me.

*Mor.* I cannot bear it!

*Lady A.* Will you be my daughter?

*Joanna.* Oh, madam!

*Lady A.* Will you?

*Joanna.* Adversity I could endure, but this unhop'd-for tide of blessings overpowers me.

*Mor.* Oh, how I hate myself!

*Lady A.* And why?—Can you be ignorant of the virtuous struggles which have caused the conflict you have felt? The strength of these sensations shew how fitted you are to be great and good.

*Mor.* To be a——I dare not think!

*Lady A.* Indeed you are wrong. Had I not been guilty of a thousand errors, you never would have had occasion for this self reproach. Like cowards, we both have shunned inquiry. Let us be more courageous; let us affectionately communicate our mutual mistakes, and while we examine we shall correct the mind, expand the heart, and render ourselves dear to each other, and beneficent to the whole world.

*Mor.* Oh shame, shame!

*Lady A.* Nay, my love—

*Joanna.* My dear father!

*Mor.* Well, well, I will endure existence a little longer, if it be but to hate myself.

SCENE

SCENE X. *Enter CHEVERIL, flying to JOANNA.*

*Chev.* My life! my soul! my precious Joanna!

*Mor.* They will persuade me presently that happiness is possible!—You have cause, child, to thank Mr. Cheveril?

*Joanna.* Oh, yes! he has a heart of the noblest stamp.

*Mor.* Ay! every body right! All angels! except myself: I am cast into the shade; a kind of demon, grinning in the dark!

*Chev.* Come, come, guardian, dismiss these *sombre* familiars, they have plagued you long enough. Clement is in eager search of you, to communicate secrets of the utmost importance concerning his uncle.

*Mor.* The villain!

*Chev.* Yes:—he is below, half distracted, foaming with rage, and accusing every servant in the house with having stolen his book! I hear him—Pray keep back! My sweet Joanna, but for a moment. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. *Enter ITEM.*

*Item.* (*Looking about eagerly.*) 'Tis gone! 'tis lost! I am undone! I am murdered! I am betrayed!—I shall be prosecuted, pilloried, fined, cast in damages, obliged to pay all, to refund all, to relinquish all!—all—all—all! I'll hang myself!—I'll drown myself!—I'll cut my throat!—Mordent has got it!—All my secrets, all my projects, all my rogueries,—past, present, and to come!—Oh that I had never been born!—Oh that——

SCENE XII. *Enter CLEMENT.*

*Item.* (*Runs up to him.*) Have you seen my book?—Give it me!—Where is my book?

*Clem.* What book?

*Item.* My account book! my secrets! myself! my soul! my heart's blood! (*Seizes Clement's coat laps, and searches.*) I have it—'tis here—I feel it!

*Clem.* (*Defending himself.*) Yes, sir, 'tis here. Be pacified.

*Item.* (*Affaulting.*) I won't! I won't! I'll have it! Give it me! I'll swear a robbery! I'll have you hanged!

*Clem.* (*Takes a book sealed up out of his pocket.*) This book, sir, I consider as a sacred trust; and part with it to you I must not.

*Item.* You shall part with it, villain! You shall! I'll have your soul! 'Tis mine! I'll have your heart! 'Tis mine! I will have it! I will have it! I will have it! (*Violently assaulting him.*)

*Clem.* You shall have heart, life, and soul first!

*Item.* (*Falls on his knees.*) My dear nephew! My good boy! My kind Clement! I'll supply all your wants! I'll pay all your debts! I'll never deny any thing you ask! I'll make you my heir!

*Clem.* You are the agent of Mr. Mordent, whom I fear you have deeply wronged, I have a painful duty to perform; but justice must be obeyed: nothing must or shall bribe me to betray an injured man.

*Item.* I'll give you ten thousand pounds! I'll give you twenty! I'll give you fifty! Would you rob and ruin your uncle? Would you put him in the pillory? Would you see him hanged? (*Falls upon him again.*) Villain! I will have it! 'Tis mine! I will! I will! Thieves! Robbers! Murder! Fire!



SCENE *the last.* Enter Mr. MORDENT, Lady ANNE, LENNOX, CLEMENT, GRIME, DONALD, JOANNA, and CHEVERIL.

*Mor.* (*With the book.*) I am glad Mr. Item, that your inattention and your nephew's inflexible honesty have afforded me the means of doing myself justice: that is all I require.

*Len.* Here is double testimony: your hand-writing and your agent.

*Item.* (*To Grime.*) Have you impeached then?

*Grime.* I am a villain, a rascal, a cut throat!

*Mor.* Mr. Clement, your worth and virtue are beyond my praise.

*Clem.* If my conduct escape censure, it is more than I expect.

*Mor.* If it meet not retribution, all sense of justice is lost. Donald!

*Joanna.* (*Pressing Donald's hand.*) My watchful guide! My never failing friend!

*Chev.* Your hand, old boy! You and I must settle accounts. I am I know not how many score pounds a year in your debt.

*Mor.* What then am I?

*Joanna.* And I?

*Don.* Hoot awa! Gin ye wad pay Donald, it mun nae be wi' yeer dirty filler; it mun be wi' yeer affactions.

*Joanna.* True, my noble protector! (*Kisses his hand with great energy.*)

*Don.* Why ay, noo! That's a receipt in foo?—It makes my hairt gi' sic an a bang!

*Mor.* Honest worthy soul. And now to reconcile—

*Chev.* Come, come; make no speeches. I'll settle the business. I am the proper person. I have eight thousand a year, and ten thousand in my pocket—Ten? (*To Item.*) Is it ten or seventeen?

*Item.* Seventeen!

*Chew.* Joanna shall be my queen of joy, pleasure, and happiness. Honesty, here, shall settle all his ill-gotten gains on his nephew : Lennox, as a bachelor's pennance, shall marry his housemaid : You, Guardian, shall change your system of evil for practical good : Lady Anne shall become more patient and kind—if she know how : and old Moloch (*To Grime.*) shall go hang himself.

*Len.* Spoken like an oracle.

*Chew.* Why then, toss up your caps, farewell to folly, long life to one and twenty, and mirth, health, and happiness to all !

*Lady A.* How strange are the vicissitudes of fortune ! With what gloom was the dawn overcast ! How have the storms of this memorable day risen, and increased even to horror ! And now how bright the prospect ; and how glowing the hope that it excites ! Cheerish it, kind friends, with your smiles : and, in the gentle slumbers of the night, let us joyfully dream that we still merit, and still obtain, your willing favour.

[*The Curtain drops.*]



EPILOGUE.

## E P I L O G U E.

Mrs. POPE, Miss WALLIS, and Mrs. MATTOCKS  
*come forward.*

*Mrs. P O P E.*

**A**ND now, thrice gentle friends, our plotting ended,  
We hope you're pleas'd--at least not much offended?  
Surely, you'll own it was a little moving,  
To see a modern wife so very loving!  
Who deems the marriage vow a thing expedient!  
And is at once meek! faithful! and obedient!  
Such whims were common in the golden age:  
And still they may be met with--on the stage:  
But grant they now are false, past contradiction,  
We hope they yet may be endur'd--in fiction.

*Miss WALLIS.*

You've heard that good Queen Befs had maids of honour;  
Whose courtly trade it was to wait upon her;  
To quaff brown stout, yet not be overtaken,  
Breakfast on beef, and sup on eggs and bacon?  
In those strange days, I can't say what might happen!  
Virtue might, then, be thought the woman's weapon!  
But daughters now like me, whate'er we feign,  
No where exist; but in a poet's brain!  
Such blunders are too gross! No soul can brook 'em!  
And yet I wish, for once, you'd overlook 'em.

*Mrs. MATTOCKS.*

Poor Man! He's mad! An heir of one and twenty,  
With frolicks, freaks, and pounds and passions plenty,  
Who, being told where he may purchase beauty,  
Begins to cant of conscience, love, and duty?  
Was such stuff ever heard? Ye sprigs of fashion,  
Say, is it thus you treat the tender passion?  
'Ere such shall be the picture of our youth,  
Earthquakes shall come, and prophets shall speak truth!  
Yet, put him not in poet's purgatory;  
For, should you damn him, we shall all be sorry.

*Miss WALLIS.*

Then be sweet temper'd!

*Mrs. MATTOCKS.*

Grant the man his cause!

*Mrs. P O P E.*

And once more make us blest in your applause.



1915-1916

19

